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Selections.

From Parker's Lottal.

EFFECTS OF SLAVERY ON INDUSTRY.

Let us examine the effects of Slavery on industry in all its forms. In the South, manual labour is considered menial and degrading; it is the business of slaves. In the free States the majority work with their hands, counting it the natural business of a man, not a reproach, but a duty and a dignity. Thus in Boston—the richest city of its population in America, and perhaps in the world—out of 19,037 private families in 1845, there were 15,744 who kept no servant, and only 1,069 who had more than one assistant to perform their household labour. In the South the free man shuns labour; "in a slave country every freeman is an aristocrat," and of course labour is avoided by such. Where work is disgraceful, men of spirit will not submit to it. So the high-minded but the independent free men are continually getting worse off, or else emigrating out of the slave States into the new free States.—not as the enterprising adventurer goes from New England, because he wants more room, but because his condition is a reproach.

Most of the productive work of the South is done by slaves. But the slave has no stimulus; the natural instinct of production is materially checked.—The master has the mouth which consumes, the slave only the hand which earns. He labours not for himself, but for another; for another who continually wrongs him. His aim, therefore, is to do the least he can get along with. He will practice no economy; no thrift; he breaks his tools. He will not think for his master; it is all hand-work, for he only gives what the master can force from him, and he cannot conceal; there is no head-work.—There is no invention in the slave; little among the masters, for their business is to act on men, not directly on things. This circumstance may fit the slaveholder for politics—of a certain character; it unfits him for the great operations of productive industry. They and all labour-saving contrivances come from the North. In 1846 there were seventy-six patents granted by the national office for inventions made in fourteen slave States, with a population of 7,334,431, or one for each 96,505 persons; at the same time there were 564 granted to the free States with a population of 9,728,922, or one for each 17,249 persons. Maryland, by her position, partakes more of the character of the free States than most of her sisters, and accordingly made twenty-one inventions—more than a fourth part of all made in the South. But Massachusetts had made sixty-two; and New York, with a population only 2,428,921, had received two hundred and forty-seven patent-rights—more than three times as many as the whole South. Works which require intelligence and skill require also the hand of the freeman. The South can grow timber, it is the North which builds the ships. The South can rear cotton, the free intelligence of the North must weave it into cloth.

In the North the free man acts directly upon things by his own will; in the South, only through the medium of men reduced to the rank of things, and they act on material objects against their will. Half the moral and intellectual effect of labour is thereby lost; half the productive power of the labour itself. All the great movements of industry decline where the aristocracy own the bodies of the labouring class. No fertility of soil or loveliness of climate can ever make up for the want of industry, invention and thrift, in the labouring population itself. Agriculture will not thrive as under the free man's hand. Slave labour can only be profitably employed in the coarse operations of field work.—It was so in Italy 2,000 years ago; the rich gardens of Latium, Alba, Tuscany, were the work of free men. When their owners were reduced to Slavery by the Roman conqueror, those gardens became only pastures for buffaloes and swine. Only coarse staples, sugar, cotton, rice, corn, tobacco can be successfully raised by the slave of America. His rude tillage impoverishes the soil; the process of tilth "consists in killing the land." They who will keep Slavery as a "patriarchal institution," must adopt the barbarism of the patriarchs, become nomadic, and wander from the land they have exhausted, to some virgin soil. The free man's fertilizing hand enriches the land the longer he labours.

In Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinias, the soil is getting exhausted; the old land less valuable than the new. In 1787 said Gouverneur Morris, in the National Convention, "Compare the free regions of the Middle States, where a rich and noble cultivation marks the prosperity and happiness of the people, with the misery and poverty which overspread the barren wastes of Virginia, Maryland, and the other States having slaves. Travel through the whole Continent, and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of Slavery. The moment you leave the Eastern States and enter New York, the effects of the institution become visible. Passing through the Jerseys and entering Pennsylvania, every criterion of superior improvement witnesses the change.—Proceed southwardly, and every step you take through the great regions of slaves, presents a desert increasing with the increasing proportion of these wretched beings." At this day, sixty years later, the contrast is yet more striking, as will presently appear. Slavery has wrought after its way. Every tree bears its own fruit.

Slavery discourages the immigration of able but poor men from the free States. They go elsewhere to sell their labour; all the Southern States afford proof of this. The free man from the North will not put himself and his intelligent industry on a level with the slave, degraded and despised. In the free States the farmer buys his land and his cattle; hires men to aid him in his work—he buys their labour. Both parties are served—this with labour, that with employment. There is no degradation, but reciprocal gain. In a few years the men who at first sold their labour will themselves become proprietors, and hire others desirous of selling their services. It requires little capital to start with. So the number of proprietors rapidly increases, and the amount of cultivated land, of wealth, of population, of comfort. In the South the proprietor must also buy his workmen; the poor man who seeks a market for his work, not his person, must apply elsewhere. This cause has long impeded the agriculture of the South; it will also hinder the advance of manufactures. At Lowell the manufacturer builds his mill, buys his cotton, and reserves a sufficient sum for his floating capital;" he hires five hundred men and women to work his machinery, paying them from week to week for the labour he has bought.—In South Carolina he must buy his operatives also; five hundred slaves at $600 each, amount to $300,000. This additional sum is needed before a wheel can turn. To start, it requires large capital; but capital is what is not so easily obtained in a slave State, where there is no natural stimulus urging the labouring mass to production. Men of small capital are kept out of the field; business is mainly in the hands of the rich; property tends to accumulate in few hands.

Compare a slave and a free State: in the free population of the former there is less enterprise; less activity of body and mind; less intelligence; less production; less comfort, and less welfare. In the free States an enterprising man whose own hands are not enough for him to work out his thoughts with, can trade in human labour, buying men's work, and seeing the result of that work. That is the business of the merchant-manufacturer in all departments. In the present state of society both parties are gainers by the operation. In the South, such a man must buy the labourers before he can use their work, but *intelligent* labour he cannot thus buy.

Men are born with different tastes and tendencies—some for agriculture, others for commerce, navigation, manufactures, for science, letters, the arts, useful or elegant. The master is able to command the muscles, not to develop the mind. He directs labour mainly to the coarser operations of husbandry, and makes work monotonous. Uniformity of labour involves a great loss. Political economists know well the misery which happens to Ireland from this source—not to mention others and worse.

In Connecticut, every farmer and day-labourer, in his family or person, is a consumer not only of the productions of his own farm or handiwork, but also of tea, coffee, sugar, rice, molasses, salt, and spices; of cotton, woollen and silk goods, ribbons and bonnets; of shoes and hats; of beds and other furniture; of hard-ware, tin-ware, and cutlery; of crockery and glass-ware; of clocks and jewelry; of books, paper, and the like. His wants stimulate the mechanic and the merchant; they stimulate him in return, all grow up together; each has a market at home, a market continually enlarging and giving vent to superior wares. The young man can turn his hand to the art he likes best. Industry, activity, intelligence, and comfort, are the result.

In a slave population the reverse of all this takes place. The "Southern planter" thinks $20 adequate for the yearly support of a slave. Add twenty-five per cent. to his estimate, making the sum $25: then the 3,000,000 slaves are consumers to the amount of $75,000,000 a year. In 1845 the annual earnings of the State of Massachusetts were $114,492,636. This does not include the improvements made on the soil, nor bridges, railroads, highways, houses, shops, stores, and factories that were built—these things form a permanent investment for future years. It cannot reasonably be supposed that, in addition, so large a sum as fourteen per cent. of the annual earnings is saved and laid by. But on that supposition, the 737,699 inhabitants of Massachusetts are consumers to the amount of $100,000,000 a year.; that is, $25,000,000 more than four times that number of slaves would consume. The amount of additional energy, comfort, and happiness is but poorly indicated even by these figures.

In the present age, Slavery can compete successfully with free labour only under rare circumstances. The population must be sparse; perhaps not exceeding fifty persons to the square mile. But in the nice labour and minute division of employment, in the economy and the improved methods of cultivation, consequent on a dense population, Slavery ceases to be profitable; the slave will not pay for rearing. It must be on a soil extraordinarily fertile, which the barbarous tillage of the slave cannot exhaust. Some of the rich lands of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi are of this character. Then it must have the monopoly of some favourite staple, which cannot be produced elsewhere. A combination of those three conditions may render Slavery profitable even at this day, yet by no means so profitable as the work of the free man. Mr. Ruiledge was not far from right in 1787, when he contended that, in direct taxation, a slave should pay but one third as much as a freeman, his labour being only of one-third the value of a freeman's.

In the Northern States, the freeman comes directly in contact with the material things which he wishes to convert to his purpose. To shorten his labour he makes his head save his hands. He invents machines. The productive capacity of the free States is extended by their use of wind, water, and steam to the [illegible] is a solid gain to mankind. Wind-mills, water-mills, steam-engines, are the servants of the North; home-bred slaves born in their house, the increase of fertile heads. These are an important element in the power and wealth of a nation. While South Carolina has taken men from Africa, and made slaves, New England has taken possession of the winds, of the waters; she has kidnapped the Merrimack, the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Kennebeck, the Penobscot, and a hundred smaller streams. She has caught the lakes of New Hampshire, and holds them in thrall. She has seized fire and water, joined them with an iron yoke, and made an army of slaves, powerful, but pliant. Consider the machinery moved by such agents in New England, New York, Pennsylvania; compare that with the human machines of the South, and which is the better drudge? The "Patriarchal Institution of Slavery," and the economic institution of machinery stand side by side—this representing the nineteenth century before Christ, and that the nineteenth century after Christ. They run for the same goal, though Slavery started first and had the smoother road. It is safe to say, that the machinery of the free States has greater productive ability than the 3,000,000 bondmen of the South. While Slavery continues, the machinery will not appear. Steam-engines and slaves come of a different stock.

The foreign trade of the South consists mainly in the export of the production of the farm and the forest; the domestic trade in collecting those staples and distributing the articles to be consumed at home. Much of the domestic trade is in the hands of Northern men—though mainly "with Southern principles." The foreign trade is almost wholly in the hands of foreigners, or men of the North, and is conducted by their ships. In the South, little is demanded for home consumption; so the great staples of Southern production find their market chiefly in the North, or in foreign ports. The shipping is mainly owned by the North. Of the Atlantic States, seven have no slaves: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey; in 1846, they, with Pennsylvania, had 2,160,501 tons of shipping. In all the slave States which lie on the seaboard, there are owned but 401,583 tons of shipping. In 1846, the young State of Ohio, two thousand miles from the sea, had 39,917 tons; the State of South Carolina, 32,588. Even Virginia, full of bays and harbours, had but 53,441 tons. The single district of the city of New York had 572,522 tons, or 70,939 more than all the Southern States united.

The difference in the internal improvements of the two sections is quite as remarkable. In general, the public highways in the slaveholding States are far inferior to those of the North, both in extent and character. If the estimates made are correct, in 1846 there were, omitting the fractions, 5,663 miles of railroad actually in operation in the United States. In all the slave States together there were 2 090 miles. Taking the cost of such as are described in trustworthy sources, and estimating the value of those not so described by the general cost per mile of railroads in the same State, then the slave States have invested $43,910,183 in this property. In the free States there were 3,573 miles of railroad, which had cost $112,914,465. Thus the free States have 1,483 miles of railroad more than the South, the value of which is $69,004,282 above the value of all the railroads of the slave States. The railroads in Pennsylvania have cost $43,426,385; within less than half a million of the value of all the railroads in all the slave States. Maryland, from her position, resembles the free States in many respects.—Besides those of this State, all the railroads of the South are worth only $27,717,835, while those of Massachusetts alone have cost $30,341,444, and are now, on the average, five or six per cent. above par. The State of South Carolina has only paid $5,671,452 for her railroad stock. I will not undertake to estimate its present value. Nor need I stop to inquire how many miles of the Southern roads have been planned by Northern skill, paid for by the capital of the free States, and are owned by their citizens!

Let us next consider the increase of the value of the landed property in the free and the slave States. In 1798, the value of all the houses and lands in the eight slave States, that is, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, was estimated at $197,742,557; that of the houses and lands in the eight free States—New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania—was $422,235,780. It is not easy to ascertain exactly the value of real property in all these States at this moment. But in 1834–6, the Government of New York, and in 1839, that of Virginia, made a new valuation of all the real property in their respective States. In 1798, all the real estate in Virginia, was worth $71,225,127; in 1839, $211,930,538. In 1798, all the real property in the State of New York, was worth $100,380,707; in 1835, $430,751,273. In Virginia, there had been an increase of 197.5 per cent. in forty-one years; in New York, an increase of 329.9 per cent. in thirty-seven years.

For convenience sake, let us suppose each of the eight Southern States has gained as rapidly as Virginia, and each of those eight Northern, in the same ratio with New York—and what follows? In 1798, the real estate in South Carolina was valued at $17,465,013; that of Rhode Island, at $11,066,358. By the above ratios, the real estate in South Carolina was worth $51,958,393 in 1839; and in 1835, that of Rhode Island was worth $47,574,288. Thus the real property in the leading slave State of the Union, with a population of 594,398, was worth but $4,384,105, more than the real property of Rhode Island, with a population of only 108,830.—In 1840, the aggregate real property in the city of Boston, was valued at $60,424,200, and in 1847, at $97,764,500,—$45,271,120 more than the computed value of all the real estate in South Carolina. In 1798, the value of the aggregate real property of the eight slave States, was $197,742,557; of the eight free States, $422,235,780; in 1839, by the above ratios, the real estate of the Southern States would be worth $588,289,107, and that of the Northern, $1,715,201,618. Thus the real property of these eight free States, would be almost three times more valuable than the eight slave States, yet the free contain but 170,150 square miles, while the slave States contain 212,920. But this, in part, is a matter of calculation only, and liable to some uncertainty as the ratio of Virginia and New York may not represent the increase of any either South or North. Let us come to public and notorious facts.

In 1839, the value of all the annual agricultural products of the South, as valued by the last census, was $312,380,151; that of the free States $342,007,446. Yet in the South there were 1,984,866 persons engaged in agriculture, and in the North only 1,735,086, and the South has the advantage of raising tropical productions, which cannot be grown in Europe. The agricultural products of the South which find their way to foreign lands, are mainly cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco. The entire value of these articles raised in the fifteen slave States in that year, was $74,866,310; while the agricultural productions of the single State of New York amounted in that year to $108,275,281.

The value of articles manufactured in the South, was $42,178,184; in the free States $197,658,040. In the slave States there were, in various manufactories, 246,601 spindles; in Rhode Island, the smallest of the free States, 518,817. The aggregate annual earnings of all the slave States, was $402,429,718; of the free, $658,705,108. The annual earnings of six slave States—North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, amount to $189,321,719; those of the State of New York to $193,806,433, more than $4,000,000 above the income of six famous States. The annual earnings of Massachusetts alone, are more than $9,000,000 greater than the united earning of three slave States,—South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The earnings of South Carolina, with her population of 594,398, about equals that of the county of Essex, in Massachusetts, with less than 95,000.

In 1839, in the South there were built houses to the value of $14,421,441; and in the North, to the value of $27,496,560. The ships built by the South that year, were valued at $704,289; by the North, at $6,301,805.

In 1846, the absolute debt of all the free States was $103,178,027. The debt of productive State property of those States, including the school fund, was $98,630 285,—leaving the actual indebtedness above their State property only $10,546,242. The absolute debt of the slave States was $55,948,373; their productive State property, including their school funds, $30,294,428—leaving their actual indebtedness above their State property $25,653,945, more than twice the corresponding indebtedness of the North.

Besides this, it must be remembered that in the free States there are 45,569 men engaged in the learned professions, while in the slave States there are but 20,292. In addition to that, in all the free States there are many employed in teaching common schools. Thus, in 1847, in Massachusetts, there were 7,582 engaged in the common schools. In the slave States this class is much smaller. Still more, in all the free States there are many, not ranked in the learned professions, who devote themselves to Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts; in the South but few. In the South, the female slaves are occupied in hard field-labour, which is almost unheard-of in the free States. Thus the difference in the earnings of the two, great as it is, is not an adequate emblem of the actual difference or productive capacity, or even of the production, in the two sections of the country.

The editor of the Tribune, writing from Washington, gives some further particulars of the case of the slave brought to the notice of Congress by Mr. Giddings, and to which we referred last week.

FREEDOM OR SLAVERY IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Jan. 18th.

The vote in the House yesterday on the atrocious case of Slave Piracy, brought to its notice by Mr. GIDDINGS, will doubtless, have been analyzed in The Tribune before this letter is received; yet I am impelled to offer some farther elucidation.

The outrage could not have been more abominable if the Slave Coast of Africa had been its theatre and the most atrocious savages its authors. The victim had made himself respected by all who knew him, by his quiet industry and diligence in his vocation. He had fairly bargained for his freedom, and had paid four-fifths of the stipulated purchase-money, as appears by receipts from his miscreant owner on the books of his trustee; but his wife states that he had actually paid the whole price except $11, (having made payments when his trustee was away, and no credit could be recorded,) and had $6 of this little balance in his pocket when the pirates jumped upon, shackled, and kidnapped him. Two weeks more, and he would have been out of the house of bondage; now he is torn from all he holds dear, and is on his way, in chains, to wear out the wretched remnant of his life in the cane fields of Louisiana.

Now the reason why Congress ought to have acted on this case is this—*this whole drama of piracy and villainy has been enacted in strict accordance with and under the express protection of the Laws of the United States!* The woman who sold her slave to himself, pocketed almost the last dollar of her price for him, and then sold him over again to the owners of the slave-pens which carried the flag of "Polk, Dallas, & Texas" at its mast-head during the last Presidential contest, has done nothing which the laws of this "model Republic" do not sanction and uphold; she has merely availed herself of the temptations to piracy and scoundrelism in general, which those laws create. Mr. Giddings, therefore, proposed a simple and very natural inquiry into the character of these laws, and the proper remedy for the outrages they authorize. And this inquiry a House of Representatives, three-fifths of whom represent freemen only, have voted to stifle and put down; and among those Representatives of free States who voted thus inhumanly are one Whig, *George E. Eckert*, of Pennsylvania; the Native, *Levin*, two members from New York city—*Maclay* and *Nicoll*; one more from our State—*Birdsall*, of Broome, who represents D. S. Dickenson, and Gen. Cass; three from Maine—F. Clark, Hammons, and Williams; two more Locos from Pennsylvania—Broadhead and C. J. Ingersoll; four from Ohio—Cummins, Kennon, Miller, and Richey; and three from Illinois—Ficklin, Richardson, and Turner: In all *seventeen* Representatives of freemen only turned their backs upon Freedom, and voted that rascality and piracy are not deserving of rebuke nor even investigation.

Of course, the Representatives of Slaveholders, with the single exception of sable Delaware's Houston, voted against any inquiry—it would have been political destruction to any of them to do otherwise. They can hardly be blamed as the world goes. But how came it, an honest reader will inquire, that there were at least *thirty* absentees from free States, and only *twelve* from slave States, when this important vote was taken? I answer, by the most despicable *dodging*. Men who dared not vote against Freedom, yet feared its triumph in the Yeas and Nays, took care to be out of their seats when the vote was taken. Here are the names of those who failed to answer at the call:

FREE STATES.

FROM MAINE—*Bricher*, Smart, Wiley—3.
MASSACHUSETTS—*Ashmun*—1. (Winthrop, Speaker, has no vote.)
RHODE ISLAND—Thurston—1.
NEW YORK—Jackson, (absent on a contest,) *Nelson, Reynolds, Slingerland, Holley*, (sick in Florida,) *Rumsey*—6.
NEW JERSEY—*Van Dyke*—1.
PENNSYLVANIA—Ch. Brown, *Hornbeck*, (sick at home,) Strong, Wilmot, (sick at home,) *Nes, Brady, A. Stewart*—7.
OHIO—*Taylor, Duncan, Vinton*—3.
INDIANA—Robinson, *R. W. Thompson*, Wick, Pettit, (leg broken,) Rockhill—5.
ILLINOIS—R. Smith, McClernand—2.
IOWA—Leffler. Total from free States—30.

SLAVE STATES.

MARYLAND—*A. Evans*. GEORGIA—Iverson.
VIRGINIA—Bocock, *Flournoy*, McDowell, *Pendleton*—4.
SOUTH CAROLINA—Holmes, Woodward.
ALABAMA—*Hilliard*. MISSISSIPPI—A. G. Brown.
LOUISIANA—Morse. TENNESSEE—*Haskill*.

(Whigs in *Italics*.)

Of course I am aware that many of the above are absent from the city, and could not have dodged the vote; but some of them were in the House that morning, and must have avoided the vote purposely. I will not now name those I *know* to be in this disreputable category; but their respective constituents, who know whether their member is or is not absent, or seriously ill, will distinguish and *remember* them.

H. G.

From the British Friend.

THE DOUGLASS TESTIMONIAL.

The following communication will, we believe, be read with interest by our readers in general; especially by those who were personally acquainted with the writer, during his Anti-Slavery labours in this country.—EDS.

The managers of the Douglass Testimonial have much pleasure in laying Frederick Douglass's acknowledgment of its receipt before the subscribers to the fund, as extracted from a letter to the treasurer, received by the *Cambria*, a few days since:—

Lynn, 1st Nov. 1847.

"My dear friend:—Your kind letter of the 1st October, enclosing a bill on London, value £445 17s. 6d. the amount collected by my friends in Great Britain, as a testimonial of their esteem, came safely and promptly to hand.

"It has frequently been my lot, during my short, though varied and singular life, to respond in language of gratitude to kind friends, through whose great generosity I have been made the recipient of distinguished and valuable favours; but, in all truthfulness, never in circumstances when I could do so more sincerely and cordially than in the present instance. I accept your noble gift with emotions of gratitude, which I have no language to describe.—Please accept my thanks for it, and extend the same [illegible] who collected it. The bill sold here for two thousand, [illegible] and seventy-five dollars; a much larger sum than I expected.

"I have now to inform you, that this sum is, after all, to be, and a part of it is already, appropriated to the very purpose originally intended, both by myself and the donors—the establishment of a press to advocate the cause of the American slave, and to elevate and improve the condition of the nominally-free coloured people in the United States..... I had not decided against the publication of a paper one month, before I became satisfied that I had made a mistake, and each subsequent month's experience has confirmed me in the conviction.....

"The *National Watchman*, published at Troy, by William Allen, a coloured young man, has been given up. The *Ram's Horn*, published at New York, will probably be united with my paper. The *Mystery*, published at Pittsburgh, is not issued regularly for want of means.

"I have already bought an excellent and elegant press, and nearly all the necessary printing materials They cost, in all, between nine and ten hundred dollars. My press has been examined by practical printers, and all unite in declaring it one of the best they have ever seen. My printing materials, types, &c. though not so good as what might be secured in England, are nevertheless good, and the best that can be obtained in this country. The regular publication of the paper will begin with the commencement of the year.

"As to its permanence and usefulness, I can only promise to labour for both to the very best of my ability. I am solemnly impressed with the importance of the enterprise; and I shall enter on my duties with a full sense of my accountability to my God, to the slave, and to the dear friends who have aided me in the undertaking. In the publication of the paper, I shall be under no party or society, but shall advocate the slave's cause in that way which, in my judgment, will be the best suited to the advancement of the cause....."

"FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

"To J. D. Carr."

THE BRAZILIAN SLAVES.

The last number of the Christian Contributor contains a letter from Mrs. Judd, missionary at Port-au-Prince, which gives some further particulars of the early history of one of the Brazilian slaves. We copy a portion of the letter. Mrs. Judd is mistaken in saying that the Captain of the vessel was arrested for ill-treating his slaves. He was summoned on a writ of *habeas corpus* to show why he retained them in custody, and it was only by stratagem that these *stolen Africans* could be rescued from the hands of the slave-trader. Judges DALY and EDWARDS prostituted the authority of their position on the bench to protect the Foreign Slave-Trade in the port of New-York.

He was formerly from a tribe in the interior of Africa; was taken captive when a child, while playing at some distance from his mother's door; and, after travelling several weeks, arrived at the coast, where he was put on board a vessel with a great many others of all ages and classes, and after the usual amount of suffering occasioned by a sea-voyage across the ocean, in a crowded slave-ship, he was landed on the coast of South America, where he was sold, and after changing hands several times, he was purchased, together with another of his countrymen, by a Brazilian sea-captain, and arrived finally in New-York. I presume you are much better acquainted with the circumstances of a Brazilian Captain being arrested for flogging his slaves at New-York, and of the final escape of both of them to Boston, and from there to Port au Prince, than we are. There has been evidently in the recent train of events, so clearly the hand of Providence which has led him to us, that we feel strongly inclined to keep him in our family, at present. We trust the Lord that has led him here, will also provide for his temporal wants and grant him the salvation of his soul. The gentleman (Mr. Jones) who accompanied him here, and introduced him to us, says he is as near as he can ascertain, about sixteen years of age. He can speak neither English or French, except a very few sentences in broken English, which he learned on his passage out here. He conversed with him considerably on his way out in regard to his ideas of God, of the soul, of heaven, &c. and also concerning the customs, productions, &c. of his own country. As Mr. J. could speak but little Portuguese (the only language he understood except his native tongue), he could not, of course, learn so much as he could have done, had he been able to have conversed with him more freely. He succeeded, however, in obtaining substantially the following particulars.

His father and mother were of different tribes, and of quite different characters; the former inclined to intemperance and gambling, by which he spent the most of his own, and also his wife's estate.—His mother was inclined to religion, and was quite strict in the observance of her prayers and the ceremonies of her belief, which we judge to have been principally Mahommedanism, from his name, which is Mahomah, or Mahomed. His name for God is Allah, which, you know, is the Arabic name for the Supreme Being. A book he calls Alcoran, &c. His memory appears to be remarkably good, as he distinctly remembers his mother's teaching him to pray, and he can still repeat those prayers in his native tongue. He seems not only to remember his native language, but also the productions and manner of cultivating them. He also remembers some of the laws of his country, one of which was, that a person convicted of stealing, had his right arm cut off. (By the way, if such a law should be put in force in ——, I fear that we should find but a very few right arms, among men, women or children.) In endeavouring to ascertain his ideas of the soul and of a future state, Mr Jones asked him what become of a person after death? when he told him that the earth consumed the body—as he expressed it—"eat up the flesh and bones." Mr. J. then asked him if that was the end of him? He then endeavored to make him understand that there was a principle that still existed. He tried in various ways to express it. At length he stood up, and as the moon shone brightly, he waved his body several times in the light, and directed his attention to the shadow, and pointing upward, told him *that* was the part that went to Allah. But I have not time to mention half the interesting circumstances of this poor youth. One or two things more and I must close.

While coming up here, they crossed the parade ground, which is a large level plain, nearly a mile square, and is of a fine rich soil. Said he, look here, Mr. Jones, what a beautiful country, all lying waste; and then directing his attention to the soldiers, he expressed a strong detestation of war, and soldiers, saying, if it was not for war all these men might be employed in cultivating the land, raising bananas, &c. He also expressed his opinion concering the effects of war on the morals of a country. Said he—"These men have little to do at present. They very soon spend what little money they have; then they take to stealing, and then what are they? They are gone." He is also, strongly opposed to intemperance. When Mr. J. explained to him the object of our Temperance Pledge, he expressed himself very ready to have his name attached to it.—(By the way, we are going temperance pretty strong both in English and French, which you will probably hear something about soon.) He expresses a very strong desire to obtain an education—says he had a brother older than himself in Africa, who could both read and write. He very eagerly embraces every opportunity to read; and among us all, he manages to get several lessons in a day, generally. We have strong hopes that the Lord will bless him, and yet make him a blessing to his countrymen.

From the Bugle.

J. W. WALKER IN JAIL.

The following note from Mr. Selby, contains what we have been expecting to hear. Verily, these pious professors must fear the light, when they imprison a man for merely asking an innocent question:

"This day our dear Brother Walker was torn from the embrace of his wife and children by [illegible] on his way to *Carrollton jail*; where he will have to expiate the crime of asking a simple question in a gentlemanly manner, in a *Methodist religious meeting*. Shame on such a religion—a religion that has to rob wives of their husbands, and children of their parents—*that has to appeal to the civil law*, and thereby divide families, causing distress and sorrow around the hearth-stones of quiet homes, for the purpose of sustaining its character. "And all (as is said,) for the glory of God, and the good of souls.

Tell it to the world—publish it from Dan to Beersheba—from Maine to Georgia, that J. W. Walker has, by Methodist religion, been torn from home and family, and hurried to jail, for asking a question in a meeting to this effect: "What are my rights at this meeting."

How long Mr. Walker will have to remain in custody is not known; but no doubt, forever, if the Methodists of Leesburgh can have their wish: God pity such hypocrites, and send them repentance unto life, before they go quick, down into the *Pit*."

N. N. SELBY.

WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

To the Editors of the British Friend:

Having been for more than thirty years closely connected with the Western Coast of Africa, and feeling a deep interest in its welfare, and the total extinction of the slave-trade, I beg to call the attention of your readers to the danger of that trade's increasing to a fearful extent, unless *immediate* measures are taken to prevent it.

Certain influential parties are now endeavouring to obtain a repeal of treaties solemnly entered into by England with foreign powers, for the suppression of that nefarious traffic; and from the same quarter, exertions are making to induce Government to remove the squadron altogether from the African coast, which squadron has hitherto done great service, captured *many* slave vessels, and been a great preventive to this abominable trade.

In addition to the above, several merchant vessels have lately gone to Africa, and others are now preparing in London and Liverpool to proceed thence, for the purpose of what is called taking emigrants to the West Indies; this, I am afraid, will ultimately prove an actual slave-trade on an extended scale.

W. W.

LONDON, 17th Dec. 1847.

From the North Star.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Pursuant to notice, the Society convened at Minerva Hall, in Rochester, on Monday, December 12th. JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY in the chair—WM. C. NELL appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

On motion, committees were chosen as follows, viz:

On Business.—Frederick Douglass, Sarah D. Fish, Nelson Bostwick, Mary Hallowell, R. G. Murray Phebe Hathaway, Charles L. Remond.

On Finance.—Wm. R. Hallowell, Lewis Burtis, Henry Bush, Giles B. Stebbins.

On Nomination.—Benjamin Fish, Sarah Burtis, Eliza Parker, G. B Stebbins, Isaac Post—who reported the following list of officers, which was unanimously adopted:

President.—Joseph C. Hathaway, Farmington.

Vice-Presidents.—Henry Bush, Rochester; Wm. G. Parker, West Walworth; A. L. Peet, Victor; Elias L. Platt, Bath; Thos. McClintock, Waterloo; Nathan Marvel, Port Byron.

Corresponding Secretary.—Giles B. Stebbins, Rochester.

Recording Secretary.—William C. Nell, Rochester.

Treasurer.—Henry Bush, Rochester.

Executive Committee.—Wm. R. Hallowell, Abigail Bush, Isaac Post, Benjamin Fish, Lewis Burtis, Sarah L. Hallowell, William C. Nell, John Kedzie, Lemira M. Kedzie, Richard Sully, J. P. Morris, Frederick Douglass, Elias DeGarmo, Asa Anthony, Elias Doty, Hicks Halstead, Rhoda DeGarmo, Nelson Bostwick, Charles L. Remond, Daniel Anthony, Mary B. Fish, Catharine A. Stebbins, John Dick, Sarah A. Burtis, Susan A. Doty, Caroline Halstead, Jason Jeffrey, Ralph Francis, Griffith M. Cooper, R. G. Murray, Henrietta Platt, Maria Wilbur, Amy Post, Sarah D. Fish, Pliny Sexton, Mary A. M'Clintock, Edmund P. Willis, Mary Hallowell.

The following resolutions were then submitted by the Business Committee:

"Resolved, That as the members of this society, we return our sincere gratitude to the God of the oppressed, for the cheering success with which He has crowned our humble efforts during the year now coming to a close; and that we pledge ourselves to a more faithful and persevering application of our energies to the slave the ensuing year.

"Resolved, That the zeal, perseverance, and fidelity, with which the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society have prosecuted their labours in this State, during the last year and a-half, have been well calculated to secure the confidence and approbation of every friend of the slave, and to impress upon the public mind the fact, that that Society is the legitimate and true representative, in its principles and measures, of genuine and uncompromising ANTI-SLAVERY.

"Resolved, That the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, by its open and uncompromising course, the smallness of its price, as well as its high literary character, commends itself to the favourable consideration of all persons; and each individual is earnestly desired to use his exertion to extend its circulation in their respective neighbourhoods.

"Resolved, That we most cordially welcome our distinguished friends and well-tried fellow-labourers, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, M. R. DELANY, and WM. C. NELL, editors and publishers of the "NORTH STAR," and pledge them our co-operation, aid, and support during the war.

"Resolved, That we hail with joy the appearance of the "NORTH STAR," trusting that in its light many a bondman shall find his liberty; and that its rays will even pierce the prison-house, exposing to the gaze of the world, the dark and damning deeds which are there committed, until not a slave shall be found upon American soil.

"Resolved, That we learn with the highest gratification that the American Slave System is on the eve of receiving a most powerful, if not fatal blow, from the cultivation of free-grown cotton on the fertile soil of British India, and that we extend our most cordial acknowledgments to GEORGE THOMPSON, for his recent eloquent and able effort before his constituency, to awaken an interest throughout England and the world, in this noble and praiseworthy enterprise; and that we pledge to him our warmest sympathy in the great work he has so boldly and successfully commenced.

"Resolved, That the recent demonstration of American sympathy in the city of New York, with Pope Pius IX, in his noble efforts to extend constitutional liberty to the people of Italy, while we are carrying on an extensive system of butchery in Mexico for her subversion, is the enactment of another disgusting manœuvre for the purpose of turning off attention from the slaughter of Mexican Catholics, by a show of sympathy with the Catholics of Italy; and that America will never be in a reasonable position to sympathize with the oppressed, or to denounce and rebuke the oppression of foreign lands, while under the star-spangled banner three millions of her people pine in hopeless bondage, and our national capital is a revolting slave-market.

"Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the death of Rev. CHARLES VAN LOON, whose rare talents, unbending integrity, and generous affections were cheerfully dedicated to the cause of the poor and oppressed, and gave promise of usefulness to man, and glory to God. His memory is deeply enshrined in the hearts of many who survive him, inciting them to virtuous deeds, and the blessing of those that were ready to perish have gone with him to that other land.

"Resolved, That in the death of JAMES C. FULLER, the slave has lost a friend whose voice, whose pen, whose time, and whose money were freely and liberally given to his redemption; and we are admonished to do quickly what we have to do; for to-morrow we die.

"Resolved, That the assertion of the President of the United States is a tissue of falsehoods; that the war with Mexico was invaded by the army of Mexico, a wanton and deliberate [illegible] is known to be such by every intelligent citizen; as, indeed, it is known the object for which the war was declared is the extension of Slavery; and that portion relating to the Amistad captives is but another of the many commands of the South to bow down to the image.

"Resolved, That we are convinced by every development and demostration of Slavery daily coming under our observation, that the only way we can faithfully and fully maintain our fidelity to the slave and the God of the slave, is to re-affirm and carry out the doctrine of NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, and seek, by all rightful means, to bring about, as soon as possible, the rejection of the Constitution of the United States, on account of its slaveholding character,—the dissolution the American Union,—the separation of the non-slaveholding from the slaveholding States, and the establishment of a Republic in which there shall be neither tyrant nor slave."

The above resolutions were ably discussed by various speakers.

CHARLES LENNOX REMOND eloquently depicted the slavery which, even in the free North, hunts the man whose only sin is the "texture of hair and hue of his skin;" which denies him, in many instances, the common civilities of life; deprives him, in the Empire State, from the elective franchise, unless worth two hundred and fifty dollars in real estate; consigns his child to a proscribed school; subjecting him to all the disadvantages consequent upon an isolated position in society. He also commented with much force upon the late recommendation of Govenor Smith, of Virginia, to expel the free coloured inhabitants from the State; together with the infamous clause in the President's recent message relative to an appropriation to the Spanish Government for the Amistad captives.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, in advocacy of the resolutions, alluded to the first principles of anti-slavery; the opposition they had encountered to the present moment; the influence that American religion had volunteered in aid of the inhuman man-stealer; for, said he, while America is printing tracts and Bibles, sending missionaries abroad to convert the heathen, expending her money in various ways for the promotion of the Gospel in foreign lands, the slave not only lies forgotten—uncared for, but is trampled under foot by the very churches of the land. What have we in America? Why, we have Slavery made part of the religion of the land. Yes, the pulpit there stands up as the great defender of this cursed *institution*, as it is called. Ministers of religion come forward and torture the hallowed pages of inspired wisdom to sanction the bloody deed. They stand forth as the foremost, the strongest defenders of this "institution." As a proof of this,

GEORGE THOMPSON, the new member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, for his unceasing efforts to promote the East India cotton reform, and, through that, the abolition of American Slavery.

The Mexican war; the pro-slavery position of political parties; our responsibilities in the Slavery question now being agitated, and affecting all phases of society, North and South—these and other kindred topics served as fruitful themes for the several speakers, keeping the audience in close attention, save when they felt free to manifest their loud and earnest approval of the eloquent outbursts and indignant utterings, the usual characteristics of an *Anti-Slavery meeting*.

The resolutions were adopted at a late hour. Three cheers for liberty were proposed and heartily given, when the large concourse separated. We trust each member resolved to do what in him lay for the downfall of tyranny in this otherwise happy republic.

J. C. HATHAWAY, Pres't.
WM. C. NELL, Sec'y.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

This body met at Syracuse on Thursday. Gen. Joseph Smith, of Ulster, was chosen President.—Daniel Cady, of this city, was one of the Vice Presidents. The following gentlemen were appointed a Business Committee: Messrs. Wood of Albany, Smith of Madison, Marsh of New York, Benedict of Onedia, Cochran of Montgomery, Fitch of Auburn, Teall of Onondaga, Day of Greene, and Munger of Ontario. There were three distinct sets of resolutions reported by members of the Committee. Those reported by the majority and adopted were as follows:

Resolved, That in assembling at the present time at the call of the Committee we feel it incumbent on us to say that the great principles of Temperance now embodied in Society, are dear as ever to our hearts, and must be fully sustained, spread over the earth and handed down to future generations.

Resolved, That the continued growth and prosperity of our cause is now and ever to be secured first of all by arguments and appeals to all the private, social, domestic, civil, and religious interests of men, inducing them to sign the pledge, and totally to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a drink, and secondly, a removal as far as possible, in every legal manner, from the community, of every usage and every business which tends to perpetuate intemperance.

Resolved, That the people of this State, have undoubted right, and are bound to control the traffic in any article of commerce which demoralizes the public, inflicts injury upon it, and imposes pecuniary burdens in the support of paupers and the punishment of crime.

Resolved, That the Excise Law of 1845, an assertion of the great Democratic doctrine, that the majority should govern, though a very imperfect one, was productive of great good, and that its repeal effected by the agency of money and clamour of venders and others interested in the sale of intoxicating drinks, was virtually an act of Legislative usurpation, and against a large majority of the people, is now producing an abundant harvest of drunkenness and vice, and their natural fruits, poverty and crime.

Resolved, That Government fails to perform its most important function, when it only punishes crime without striving to prevent it—when it imposes taxes without attempting to remove so far as possible the cause of taxation; when it provides for the public support of the poor, without considering the causes of pauperism; when it seeks to educate without removing the obstacles that oppose its efforts in almost every school district in the State.

Resolved, That the Legislature of the State be requested to repeal all laws which license men to sell intoxicating drinks, and to extend protection to the people of the State from the evils of such traffic by prohibitory statutes with suitable penalties.

Resolved, That while we disclaim all action as a political party, we are constrained to condemn the inconsistency of those Temperance men who support for office men who have neither the disposition nor the moral courage to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

We make the following extract from a speech of Judge Fine, the Senator from St. Lawrence county, in the Senate of this State, on the resolutions relative to the extension of Slavery. We copy it to show the position of the Young Democrats on the Slavery question. It will be observed that Judge Fine brands as a traitor the man who would seek to release the people from the constitutional support of a system cursed of Heaven, and, wherever it exists, the cause of ignorance and impiety!

There were various motives ascribed to persons who deem it proper to move in this matter. Some call it abolitionism. For himself, he had very little of that feeling. Others say that it arises from mere party policy, and views for political ascendancy. He could not say that any such motives actuated him. He regarded the question of freedom to the true interests of his country. He identified only with the [illegible] seriously believed that if it might [illegible] were to be declared that Slavery should be perpetuated indefinitely in this country, the death-knell of our free Government would be rung. There was nothing but a piece of sophistry in the arguments of Mr. Walker, and Mr. Buchanan, that the object was not to extend Slavery, in admitting it into new territory; but to diffuse it over a wide extent of country, in order to soften its rigors, and render the condition of the slave more comfortable and tolerable. There was no necessity for discussing a proposition of this kind abstractly. It had been said that two and two make four in every other science than that of politics. In alluding to this question, then, he would merely ask if it could be doubted that the population of free States would have been as great as it now is, had it been confined to the original New England States; or would the English Irish and Scotch people be so numerous had they been prohibited from diffusing themselves over all parts of world? The object of admitting Slavery into new territory was, that a market might be furnished for the slaves reared in Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky, and other slave States—the trade in home-bred slaves being their greatest source of profit. The only States where slave *labour* is profitable, is in those which raise cotton, sugar, and rice. Whatever might be the extent of his (Mr. F.'s) sympathy for the slave, it was still greater for the slaveholder. The great feeling which he had upon this subject arose from his sympathy with the white man, and the great interest which he felt for the future prosperity of his country.

Mr. F. proceeded briefly to state that the articles in the Constitution which created the slave population as a basis of enumeration, and therefore of representation, was the result of a compromise between the representatives of the free and slave States. He did not suppose there was a single member from the free States who regarded the slave as property, and who would not have regarded the proper basis to be one for one, instead of three to five: but in order to secure the right to pass navigation acts, surrendered this process of enumeration. He referred to a single fact in the history of the Constitutional Convention, in further illustration. It was expected that the Government of this country would be supported and conducted on the principle of direct taxation. It was not then supposed that there would be sufficient revenue derived from a tariff upon imports to support the Government. And in fixing the basis of enumeration, a delegate from New Hampshire desired that the enumeration for that State might be reduced—submitting to a smaller representation, in order that the burden of taxation should not be so great. But now there is no necessity for direct taxation, and no need of navigation acts. The great problem has been solved, that the best encouragement of commerce is to lighten the burden which taxation imposes upon it. And he had no doubt if a Convention were now called to revise the Constitution, every delegate from the free States would be found opposing such a clause. But it was there, and had been inserted upon a principle of compromise; and he did not hesitate to say that any man who would attempt to alter any essential feature of that instrument, which had been adopted upon the principle of a compromise, might be regarded as a traitor to his country. The Constitution had become identified with the history of the country, and the remark of Mr. Webster, applied to the success of his political party, he believed might be applied with much force to the several portions of that Constitution—"Union and liberty are one and inseparable." For this reason he always regretted to see resolutions brought into the Legislature, year after year, recommending alterations in the Constitution of the United States. It was too sacred an instrument to be mutilated by amendments. As remarked by the great Southern Statesman, (Mr. Calhoun,) "it is superior to the wisdom of the men who framed it."

He regarded the institution of Slavery as one bearing upon it the curse of Heaven. He was not in the habit of saying harsh things of his Southern friends, but he begged leave to allude to what they themselves say of this thing. Mr. Clay, in his great Lexington speech, said it was a great evil, and that its existence was greatly to be deplored,—it was fraught with great evil to those who were the subjects of it. The testimony of other Southern men carry out the views of Mr. Clay—(and from some opinions in regard to it, Mr. F. further quoted.) The only way to eradicate this evil was to confine it to its present territory. Were slaveholders prohibited from disposing of their slaves by sending them into new territories, he believed the States lying along Mason and Dixon's line, would propose and carry out a system of gradual emancipation. Mr. F. brought the testimony of Southern men of Congress to prove that the existence of Slavery was a blight upon the South—wherever it existed, ignorance and impiety was the consequence.—This he believed to be the unanimous testimony of Southern statesman, with the exception of Mr. Calhoun, who regards it as the safest basis of free government. Mr. F. closed by some general remarks upon this subject, in which he deprecated Slavery as a blight and mildew upon our country, and expressed the hope to see its final extinction at no distant day.

Communications.

Sons of Temperance.

FRIEND GAY:—Have you read the letter of H. C. Wright to Jas. Haughton, of Dublin, Ireland, published in the Liberator? (a copy of which was shown to me.) My impression is, that Friend Wright is getting over zealous in our cause when he attempts to pull down something which he knows nothing about, according to his letter; and of whose "existence," "until within a few months," he had "never heard." He goes at it with great spirit to tear down an Order which he assumes is slaveholding, without any knowledge of it except from the statements of two letter writers. One, Allan Agnew, shows his *ignorance* of the Order very plainly, by his want of knowledge even of the titles of their officers. Every Son of Temperance will bear me out in the assertion, that among the names or titles of officers which he gives, *two* at least do not exist in the Order. It will be in vain for him to say that it is so in Delaware; this cannot be so, because the constitutions of all subordinate divisions are *the same*. The article of the national division's rules, relating to this subject, says, "To maintain uniformity, the national division ordains the following constitution for the government of subordinate divisions," &c. That a division of the "Sons," in a slave State, should refuse to admit coloured men into their divisions is not strange; but that there is anything in our constitutions excluding them, I most firmly deny. I profess to be an Abolitionist, and most heartily subscribe to the motto, "*No union with Slaveholders*:" and let me be convinced that the Order of Sons of Temperance was "formed to keep Southern man-stealers in countenance, rather than to promote the cause of Temperance," or that such is its effect, then will I, with Henry C. Wright, denounce it, and with him hurl the thunderbolts of a virtuous indignation at the association which professes to elevate man, but, in reality, crushes him. That H. C. Wright is sincere in his opinion with regard to the Order I do not doubt, but for him to attempt, without some knowledge of the organization, to bring it into disrepute, is not like the man I had pictured to myself for H. C. Wright. From his writings I had learned to love and respect him not only as an Abolitionist, but as a Non-resistant. My friend lays great stress upon an article which he finds, which says "If any member refuse to obey the *commands* of the Worthy Patriarch, he shall be expelled." This is embellished with a great display of capitals and flourishes, which make quite a show in print; but to a little thought it will not amount to much. Again he says, that the man is "merged in the organization." This again I declare to be not so; for in a division of the Sons of Temperance each has equal liberty with the Worthy Patriarch himself, notwithstanding that great bug-bear of his "COMMANDS;" his commands amount to the same thing as the commands of the President of one of our Anti-Slavery meetings, and no more. I am no letter writer or disputant to any great extent; and I suppose H. C. Wright could multiply words on this subject ten to my one; but I ask for *facts*—not *suppositions*. I am willing the Order shall stand or fall on its own merits.

A. S. C.

Why Agitate on Slavery?

The "Northern Man with Southern Citizenship" says, in one of his letters in the Courier and Enquirer, to Hon. Mr. Marsh, "Your real divines hold their peace, not because they find nothing to say on the subject of Slavery from the Bible, but because they know that if they speak as they think on this subject, their churches, founded on Independency, will explode like bomb-shells, and they themselves will be blown, not exactly sky high, for then they would take a happy exit from this world of trouble." And shall we, can we then be silent? Must we repress and hide our fears? Shall we raise no note of warning? Shall we lift up no voice of entreaty? Shall the watchman on the walls of Zion neglect to [illegible] the trumpet of alarm, when the enemy has come within the Church, and the ark of God is in danger? Shall the sentinel on the out-posts of his country's liberties, when he sees the foe mustering, and hears the storm of war rolling from afar, shall he then fail to sound the note of warning, and summon to beware of and meet the danger? Shall "your real divines" continue to hold their peace when the Church is thus in jeopardy, because Slavery sits there enshrined, consecrated, and cherished as "a patriarchal institution of God?" When this Moloch shrine of Slavery, bedewed with parents' tears for children robbed and sold, is placed

"Within God's sanctuary itself,
And with its darkness doth affront his light,"

shall it remain there undisturbed, and "your real divines hold their peace," while it is profaning "God's holy rites and solemn feasts?" Shame answers—No! Incensed religion answers—no! Outraged humanity answers—no! Let the united Church at the North with thunder peal answer—no!

When our common country is in danger, is it a time for "your real divines to hold their peace?" When the integrity of this Union is threatened, and threatened too by an enemy that has grown up to maturity and power under its fostering care, and now fiercely threatens dissolution, if we attempt lawfully to exterminate it? It is this canker-worm of Slavery that will blast our national prosperity, gnawing away the root of this fair tree of liberty, and endangering its fall. And shall we not mind it? Shall our "real divines hold their peace?" Or shall we heal the lust of the daughter of our people slightly, with gentle palliatives, and sympathy for this entailed necessary evil, because, forsooth, it is tender, refractory, and difficult to be approached? Shall we prop up the trembling tree with superficial supports, and still leave untouched at the root the cause of its languishing? Shall we not rather dig down and destroy the corroding monster, and apply the lancet and caustic to the fast-festering wound?

What true sentiment is there of patriotism, of honour, or fraternal regard, between the members of our great Confederacy, or of the great American Church, to prevent the citizen-patriot and philanthropist, the minister, or the politician, from advocating the rights of the oppressed, and wiping off the blot of Slavery from the marred escutcheon of our common country, in the popular assembly, at the ballot-box, in the halls of Legislature, from the sacred pulpit, or the Senate House and Representatives' Chamber of these United States? It is no sincere philanthropy or true patriotism, but a sickly delicacy, a false regard, and a temporizing, courage-lacking spirit, that leads any private man or minister, "your real divine," or your statesman, to pursue such a course. No, and blessed be God that the time has at length come when we can truly say so. American Slavery is not now a thing to be hushed up and to keep silence about it in the pulpit or religious anniversary, in the popular harangue, on the floor of debate, or by the public press, religious and secular.

There is a spirit abroad in the land which says that chains and slavery must cease. Long enough has the soil won by freemen been tilled with the tears and sweat of the enslaved. Long enough has the domestic slave trade been remorselessly driven on, and human cattle to supply it, raised assiduously like swine, in the breeding States, often stolen and hurried off on foot in chained coffles, under the lash of the cartwhip, or transported on board the legalized, but not less felon slaveship, to the ports of the South, there to toil unrequited in the burning sun, on the rice-grounds, the cotton fields and sugar plantations. Long enough at the Southern slave-mart has merchandise been made, under the hammer of the auctioneer of priceless human souls. Long enough have the ties of nature been pitilessly severed, and children torn from parents, wife from husband, sister from brother, all for a comm but yet separate doom. Long enough have polygamy, concubinage, and licentiousness been tolerated in this nominally Christian land, and female chastity been unprotected against the assaults of planters, overseers and planters' sons. Long enough in the hands of unfeeling mercenaries have the savage whip and paddle been scarring and scarifying the quivering bodies of our brother-men. Long enough have souls undying and precious as ours, but dwelling in houses of clay, "not coloured like our own," been shut off from knowledge and religion, through the word of God, and after lives of compelled ignorance, degradation, and consequent vice, have gone unready to the world of spirits and on to the retributions of eternity. Long enough have Christian, ministers, elders, and church-members by their own practice, sanctioned these horrid crimes, and baptized their iniquity as of a patriarchal institution of God." Long enough has the bloodengrossed Slave-codes disgraced the statute books of our nation; and long enough has Congress enacted laws for the regulation of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

The outraged spirit of humanity and religion is at last awake, never more to slumber till these foul abuses of God's intelligent creatures shall be stopped, the reproach of our nation put away, and the American Church, purified from her iniquity shall shine forth in renovated beauty and moral power no longer an anomaly and stumbling block to the rest of the world. There have entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabbaoth the cry of the oppressed and the prayers of his children in their behalf, and He, with his Almighty power and matchless wisdom is bringing about the speedy and we will hope, peaceful deliverance of "them that are in bonds."

"Bright o'er the hills dawns the day star of freedom," ere long we trust to be followed by the glorious uprising of the full-orbed sun of entire emancipation, when it will be no longer politic and quite a thing of indifference whether "your real divines make their peace" or not.

Speed it, O Father, let thy kingdom come!

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 27, 1848.

Immediate Emancipation.

NO III.

The object of West India Emancipation, we have said, was the freedom of the Slave, not the production of more Sugar, Rum, Molasses, and Cotton. The Abolitionists of Great Britain valued the black man for something else than his power to create a certain amounnt of Exports to be added to the wealth of his master. Fanatical as such an opinion may seem to our democratic people, we do not hesitate to declare that if the coloured population of the British West India Islands were by the act of Emancipation made secure in their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it was of the smallest consequence, if the planters were thereby obliged to earn their own living in the sweat of their brows, and the exports which formerly made their wealth were reduced to nothing.

That Emancipation should lessen for a time the exports of the Islands, we hold to be not only perfectly natural, but necessary. Indeed we should consider it good reason for doubting whether the abolition of Slavery was complete, if it were not perfectly manifest, that the wealth of the former slaveholders was diminished. If Gen. Hamilton, of South Carolina, with his thousand slaves, or whatever may be the number in his possession, is in the annual receipt of $20,000 income, he is appropiating to himself that which belongs to others. When their appropriate share is restored to them by Emancipation, it by no means follows, that that act is a failure because he is now in the receipt of only $10,000. The other half has gone to its rightful owners, and we have now a thousand happy and contented people, bestowing the fruits of their own labour in such a way as conduces most to their own comfort, instead of a thousand miserable slaves swelling the wealth of Gen. Hamilton by producing a large crop of Cotton for export. In a few years the West Indies a body of peasantry becoming gradually an intelligent, moral, and educated people, creating around them the appliances and comforts of civlization, instead of a brutal, ignorant, and half-civilized slave-population, hardly cared for enough to render them efficient beasts of burden. The sum of the wealth and happiness of the whole people is increased by a juster disposition of the fruits of labour, though the wealth of a few individuals, who had grown rich upon the wretchedness of others is sensibly diminished.

But the fact that the Exports of the West Indies have decreased in quantity is relied upon as the main evidence that Emancipation in those Islands is proved a failure.—The volume of Parliamentary Papers, to which we referred last week, enables us to look this matter directly in the face, and learn precisely the weight and character of this evidence. From a Tabular return of Exports and Imports for Jamaica running back for three quarters of a century, we have made some comparisons, for the last few years, which we think, will shed some light upon the subject. The returns for the other Colonies are less full, and we do not, therefore, rely upon them as sufficient to settle conclusively whether Emancipation, in a pecuniary point of view, has been advantageous or otherwise. But the statements and deductions made, based, as they are upon figures—which, in such a case, cannot lie—will, as a whole, present an impartial view of the whole question. We begin with Jamaica.

From the table of Exports for that Island, we take, first, the average yearly amount of the chief staples exported from the year 1832 to the year 1835 inclusive, which embraces a period of four years, with the two first years of apprenticeship; and next, the average exports of the four last years, for which returns are published, since complete Emancipation, from 1842 to 1845, also inclusive. An interval of ten years, it will be observed, has elapsed between these two periods, and we are enabled thus to show the actual diminution of exports for that time:

	1832-'35.	1842-'45.	Difference.
Sugar, (hhds.)	86,628	44,208	42,420
Rum, (Puncheons,)	32,075	15,060	17,015
Molasses, (Casks,)	585	98	487
Ginger, (lbs.)	2,548,645	1,836,776	711,868
Pimento, (lbs.)	5,834,490	3,986,085	1,848,405
Coffee, (lbs.)	14,499,955	5,155,503	9,344,452

Here we have the annual decrease for these periods fairly stated; and the first fact that strikes us is, that the greater difference is in the export of those staples, which, from their nature, must be the products of large plantations, viz: Sugar, Rum, Molasses, and Coffee, while the difference is smaller—we will show, presently, by farther comparison, how trifling—in Ginger and Pimento, products which require less outlay of capital and labour, in the culture and preparation for market, and are, therefore, cultivated by those of small means, who are dependent mainly, upon their own labour, or where the smaller amount of labour necessary is more easily commanded. And the comparison in Molasses, it should be observed, is not a perfectly fair one, inasmuch as there are only four other consecutive years since 1802—we have no returns before that period, for this article—in which so large a quantity was exported, as during the four years from 1832 to 1835. It should also be borne in mind, that the amount of Exports since Emancipation does not show so nearly the quantity produced of the several staples referred to, as the amount of Exports before Emancipation. A population of free labourers consume a large proportion of their own labour, which, when slaves, they were deprived of, and which then went to swell the sum-total of Exports. The main, and most obvious cause, however, of this decrease, is to be found in the undeniable fact, that the labour of the agricultural class is directed, since emancipation, into other channels than the growth and manufacture of those products which have heretofore been the source of wealth to the planters. But this, by the bye. The returns of the Stipendiary Magistrates, to which we shall refer at length, will open this branch of the subject more fully. And before a farther examination of the above table, it is necessary to turn for a moment, to the Export Trade of Jamaica, of an earlier date, to show, as we think we can, a remote but important cause for this diminution of production, which has hitherto been overlooked or disregarded.

The Sugar crop of Jamaica is returned, for the first time in 1799, as exceeding a hundred thousand hogsheads. It reached its highest point in 1805, and did not fall below a hundred thousand hogsheads till 1822. From that time it has gradually decreased. The largest quantity of Rum produced was in 1806. From 1793 to 1822, excepting only two or three years, the returns range from forty to sixty thousand puncheons, oftener above than below fifty thousand. In 1822, the quantity of Rum produced fell below thirty thousand puncheons, and has never since reached its average previous to that period. With two exceptions the largest exportation of Molasses, from 1802 to 1845, was made during two years immediately preceding apprenticeship; but excepting these two years, the manufacture of that article has declined since the year 1828. It is evident, then, that the decline in the export of these three great staples is not to be attributed solely to the abolition of Slavery, whether partial or total. To make this the more evident, we will compare the average yearly exports of two different periods of four years, during Slavery, with an interval of ten years between them, as in the former comparison; taking, first, the four years from 1817 to 1820 inclusive, when the export trade was about the average of the twenty preceding years; and, next, the four years from 1887 to 1830, when the trade was on the decline.

	1817-'20.	1827-'30.	Difference.
Sugar, (Hhds.)	121,197	96,768	24,429
Rum, (Puncheons,)	47,830	36,005	11,765
Molasses, (Casks,)	291	153	138

Now from our first table, it is evident that the exportation of the staple products of Jamaica has diminished since the abolition of Slavery. It is as evident, from the second, that the decline, so far as the principal products of Sugar, Rum, and Molasses, are concerned, commenced *before* the abolition of Slavery. With Coffee, Ginger, and Pimento, this is not the case, and for these articles, therefore, we make no comparison. The exportation of each of them for fifty years, was steadily on the increase, up to the time of the passage of the Emancipation act.—Since that time the export of Coffee has steadily declined, and we let that pass, for the present, with nothing to offset it. But let us look more narrowly at the returns for Ginger and Pimento.

The largest exportation of Ginger, during the existence of Slavery, since the year 1793, was during the ten years immediately preceding the abolition of Slavery.—The four last years of these ten, we have included in our first table. Comparing with that favourable period for this crop, the ten years since that time, namely, from 1835 to 1845, and the yearly diminution is only about one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, or 8 *per cent.* on the annual exportation during the last ten years of Slavery. If we make a comparison for a single year, instead of for four, or ten years, the result is still more favourable. The export of this article for the year 1845, was about one hundred thousand pounds less than the preceding year, and about the same amount less than the exportation for the year 1842; but with these exceptions, was greater than any of the preceding seven years, and above the average for the last fifty years.

The largest exportation of Pimento also, since 1793, was during the ten years immediately preceding the passage of the Emancipation Act. On a comparison of the returns for that period, with those from 1835 to 1845, we find the annual diminution to be about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or a little less than 8 *per cent.* on the annual exportation during the last ten years of Slavery. But if, as in the case of Ginger, we take only the year 1845, the result is even more satisfactory than with that article. The export of Pimento for that year, was greater than any of the nine preceding years, and excepting the year immediately preceding, and that immediately succeeding the abolition of Slavery, was the largest ever made.

A similar comparison may be made for Sugar and Rum. The export of Sugar for 1845 exceeded that of the preceding year more than 10,000 hogsheads, and with the exception of that for the year 1842, was the largest for six years. The export of Rum also for 1845, was greater than it had been for the six preceding years.

We come then to these general conclusions, and we think every honest mind will acknowledge that they are just and reasonable: that the downward tendency in the Export Trade in the most important staples of Jamaica, of Sugar, Rum, and Molasses, has, it is true, been accelerated by the abolition of Slavery, but it is evident by the latest returns, that, so far as the two former are concerned, is on the rise again: that the trade in Ginger and Pimento, can only be shown, by a comparison of the aggregate production of several years since Emancipation, with the most prosperous period ever known for those crops during the existence of Slavery, to have declined in an inconsiderable degree; but that a closer, and more just scrutiny makes it evident that the trade in these articles is positively increasing: that the result, on the whole, is precisely what, from abstract reasoning we shall be led to suppose, namely, that the decline in the Export Trade is most apparent in those articles, such as Sugar, Rum, Molasses, and Coffee, which needing larger capital, and a larger organized force, for cultivation, or manufacture, were most flourishing under the coerced labour of Slaverv; but that the trade in Ginger and Pimento, articles which depend for their culture and preparation for market upon persons of small means, and families in humble circumstances, was but slightly depressed by the abolition of Slavery, and promises to become in future more than ever flourishing.

Of the other British Colonies in the West Indies, the returns of Exports and Imports are so imperfect that we can gain from them but little information. So far as they go, however, they are valuable, and may be briefly stated. We refer now only to Exports, as we propose to take up the Imports in another article.

In British Guina for the half year ending 31st December, 1845, the value of Exports as compared with the six months of the previous year, diminished about £120,000.

In Montserrat the value of the Exports for the half-year ending July, 1845, as compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year diminished about £600. The causes of this diminution in these two colonies are doubtless the same as those at work in Jamaica. But in Barbadoes, St. Lucia, and the Virgin Islands, we find already a sign of returning prosperity.

In West Lucia the value of the Exports for the half year ending 31st December, 1845, as compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year, increased about £2,320.

In the Virgin Islands a comparison for the same period gives an increase in the value of Exports of £4,193.

And in Barbados, a comparison of the first six months of 1844 and 1845, gives an increased value in Exports of £176,098,

We have made out as bad a case as the facts will permit us, for those who believe, as political economists, merely, that free-labour is better than slave-labour.—Had we nothing else to offer in support of the free-labour system—in short of Liberty—we should feel justified in repudiating the doctrine of the ultra conservatives, of perpetual Slavery for the African race, or that of the ultra reformers of the Harbinger school, who wait to abolish that species of bondage, till the Earth puts on her Boreal crown, the equator and elliptic are parallel, and the black man becomes white. But we have yet to show the condition of the Import Trade of the West Indies, and have something more to offer in explanation of the facts already advanced.

BOSTON, January 19th, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—Your last letter was received here this morning, addressed to Mr. Eliot, as General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. Mr. Eliot never having held this position, even for a moment of time, I was surprised at such a mistake on your part, but have forwarded the paper to his former and present place of abode.

I know not what you mean by implying that William G. Eliot's character for disinterestedness depends upon his treatment of the coloured boy whom he was straining every nerve to save from endless servitude at the South. His character needs no vindication now from your pen or mine: it is far above any assault. Few men, ministers or reformers, have come anywhere near his self-sacrifice. None of you could help loving him in proportion as you knew him; none of you but would revere in him the very qualities which you suppose to be wanting now—a single regard to duty, fearless adherence to the right, a glowing and generous humanity, a willingness to spend and be spent for the suffering, the ignorant, and the oppressed. His character for philanthropy does not rest on any single act. His whole life, I rejoice to know, bears one and the same testimony.

A clergyman, dependent upon his salary, putting aside the most tempting offers, contented to minister to a few, while he might with no more effort, address a multitude, willing to remain on a lonely position notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends to return to our midst, should not now be held up to the community as speculating in an odious and unnatural traffic. Undoubtedly, he had made such provision that, in case of his own death, the woman should not be sacrificed even if nothing else were saved: this is no unfounded presumption, but the necessary deduction from a course of such wise and successful philanthropy as his.

Yours truly,
F. W. HOLLAND.

We cheerfully give a place to the above letter from the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, although the correction it was designed to make has already been made in the Standard. In reality, however, our only error was one of time, not of fact, and Mr. Holland's assertion strikes us as not perfectly ingenuous.—Strictly speaking, it is true, Mr. Eliot was never, according to the letter of the law, "for a moment of time" the Secretary of the Unitarian Association. But he was chosen to that office by the Association, nor was it declined by him till some considerable time afterward, when he returned from Europe. Mr. Eliot has been a slaveholder: he was the chosen Secretary of the American Unitarian Association: in these two statements was the spirit of our article. That he declined some weeks or months afterward to accept the office, does not alter the moral character of the fact that he, once a slaveholder, was chosen, and waited for, as Secretary to the Association.

The high praise which Mr. Holland bestows upon Mr. Eliot, we hope, sincerely, is deserved: we are certain it is conscientiously given. But we beg leave to remind our correspondent that the character of this gentleman is not now in question as to any of his relations in life, except that of a slaveholder. He may have proved himself as a minister, and a man, to be all that his friend asserts of him; but did he, or did he not, buy and hold his fellow-creature as his chattel-slave? A just estimate of his character, as we apprehend, must depend upon the answer to this question. The relation of a slaveholder is a fixed and determinate one. Whatever modifying circumstances there may be attending individual cases, the relation itself is always and necessarily a sin, inasmuch as it cannot exist except as an infringement upon the dearest and most sacred rights of another party. He who consents to assume it, does it deliberately with a full consciousness of his position; or he does it thoughtlessly without reflecting how great is the responsibility. If in either case, the man be, what is called a good man, we have only to conclude that the moral standard by which he is judged is a low one. In the first case he deliberately commits a wrong, careless of its effect upon others, or because it does not meet with popular condemnation; and such a man, we think, is not deserving of any extravagant degree of respect or praise, though he may be virtuous when it is convenient or profitable: or if, in the other case, the assuming relation, thoughtless of its character and possible consequences, the best we can say of such a person is, that he sometimes is so fortunate as to do no wrong.

It may be, that Mr. Eliot's friends are mistaken in acknowledging that he was a slaveholder. We hope it may have been so, for that, we repeat, is the only question of any consequence. It is not,—what were his motives in buying the boy or the woman, but did he buy and *hold as his slave* a human being? If he did, he committed an outrage upon man and a sin against God, let the motive be what it might. Even supposing, as Mr. Holland does, that every proper provision was made for the ultimate freedom of the slave, that does not alter the fact, that Mr. Eliot was a slaveholder, and consented for a few hundred dollars to jeopard the freedom for life of another person. For no prospective provision can be made by a slaveholder, which may not be defeated by accident. The only safety is, *in not being a slaveholder*. We shall be glad to know that such was Mr. Eliot's case, both for the sake of his character, and that of the American Unitarian Association; but so long as we have the admission of his friends that he was a slaveholder, though coupled with the conjecture that he guarded against any evil consequences,—as if we had a right to commit evil, hoping no evil but rather good may come of it—we must take the liberty of commenting upon the fact, without much regarding the conjectures. The only thing that seems certain is, that he owned a slave; but whether even it was a man or a woman, his friends apparently are not agreed.

Mr. Speaker Winthrop's "National Reputation."

Some of Mr. Winthrop's friends have plumed themselves upon the "national reputation" which that gentleman has achieved by his course for the last few years, and were the more angry with Mr. Palfrey for jeopardizing, by his vote on the choice of Speaker, the good which might thereby accrue to Massachusetts. Massachusetts has yet to learn that none of her sons can gain such a reputation, as a politician, exceept by first forfeiting the honour of his native State. That she will get an inkling of this fact, is among the other good results of Mr. Palfrey's vote. What makes a national reputation is appearing in the case of the present Speaker. The Boston Whig publishes a letter from Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, to the Charleston Mercury, which puts the matter in a clear light, and shows most plainly to what causes Mr. Winthrop owes his election. It is, moreover, a most complete justification, if anything farther were needed, of the course pursued by Messrs. Palfrey, Giddings, and Tuck. We copy the letter:

From the Charleston Mercury.

LETTER FROM MR. HOLMES.

We have received the following letter from the Hon. I. E. Holmes, and reserve our comments upon it till our next:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1848.

To the Editor of the Charleston Mercury:

SIR:—In an editorial article you have thought proper to condemn my refusal to vote on the third ballot against Mr. Winthrop; and you commence your essay by a remark, "That you had hoped that Mr. Holmes would have explained his course to his constituents."

As you have called upon me thus publicly for an explanation, I shall give it.

The Southern Whigs, opposed to the Wilmot Proviso, nominated Mr. Winthrop in caucus, in opposition to a majority of the Northern Whigs, who were in favour of the Wilmot Proviso, and who opposed the nomination of Mr. Winthrop. Why this? Because Mr. Winthrop had been successful in defeating the Wilmot Proviso in the Massachusetts Whig Convention. This circumstance, I thought, was well calculated to attract the attention of Southern men. In addition to this, when the voting commenced in the House, the Abolitionists were found voting against Mr. Winthrop. My attention was arrested by the fact. I saw at once that the Abolitioists were playing in Congress the precise game so skilfully played in the States of New Hampshire and New York, viz: acting on a balance party, and though small in numbers, contriving to control affairs. My attention being thus roused, I made inquiries of the precise mode of action by which the Abolitionists proposed to effect their object, and I did learn that they had proposed to Mr. Winthrop to vote for him as Speaker, providing he would give them the organization of the important committees: the Judiciary, Territories, and District of Columbia, upon abolition principles, with a view to abolish Slavery in this District, prevent its introduction into any new territory, repeal the act which compels the return of fugitive slaves, and defeat the law of my own State in relation to the entrance of coloured persons within our limits. That Mr. Winthrop preferred to lose the Speakership rather than comply with these astringent demands. This fact was learned during the progress of the third ballot.

The danger to me was manifest. The Democrats would not vote for a Whig, and therefore a Southern Whig could not be elected. The Northern Whigs would not vote for a Democrat from the South, because, with a few exceptions, the Northern Whigs are opposed to Slavery.

The Abolitionists would not vote for any Southern man be he Whig or Democrat. How then could the House be organized?

In one mode only: by the Northern and Wilmot Proviso men merging every consideration into abolition, and electing an Abolitionist or Wilmot Proviso man upon the conditions proposed to and rejected by Mr. Winthrop.

I send you the correspondence between Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Winthrop. This correspondence will substantiate these facts; and now I ask, ought I, with this knowledge, to have placed the organization of the House in the hands of the Abolitionists? Ought I, a sentinel on an out-post, to have hesitated, in an unexpected approach of danger, to defend the great, the by *far greatest* of all, interests, committed to me by a generous constituency? I did not hesitate. All party considerations faded before the deep, intense, burning necessity. I at once acted, acted promptly, and I grant decisively. Mr. Winthrop was elected, and the Abolitionists defeated.

The Committees have been properly organized, and Mr. Palfrey, Mr. Giddings, and Mr. Tuck excluded from the important committees they were so anxious to control.

I have thus acted; and I have the satisfaction to know that when I explained the grounds on which I acted, I have the approval of those whose judgments I deem eminent upon such subjects. The times are full of perils—perils to the country generally—perils to the South emphatically. I act under a fearful responsibility. If in the exercise of that responsibility I have incurred the disapprobation of the editor of the Mercury, I regret it. It will certainly be pleasing if my explanation shall satisfy him. If not, I must submit with that meekness which ought always to characterize a Representative.

Your obedient servent,
I. E. HOLMES.

The National Intelligencer publishes a letter from Mr. Cabell of Florida, who had also been attacked for his vote for Mr. Winthrop. He defends himself as successfully as Mr. Holmes; and we make an extract of two from his letter, as further evidence of the value of a "national reputation:"

The accomplished Speaker of the House of Representatives, in his own State, resisted successfully, the adoption of the principle upon which Southern Democrats insist that Southern Whigs should have acted. At the Springfield (Massachusetts) Convention, held in September last, a resolution was offered "that the Whigs of Massachusetts will support no man for the office of President and Vice President but such as are known by their acts or declared opinions, to be opposed to the extension of Slavery." Mr. Winthrop opposed and prevented the passage of this resolution—avowing his determination to support a *slaveholder* for the Presidency, should he be the candidate of the Whig party.

It was the *duty* of Southern Whigs to sustain such a man. I could not reconcile it to myself to adopt a false principle of action which this gentleman had repudiated, and make him the first victim to Southern selfishness, by refusing to vote for him as presiding officer of the House of Representatives, after he had pledged himself to vote for the Whig candidate as presiding officer of the nation, should he come from the *section of the country* I represent.

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It is well known to those who are engaged in this unholy purpose to stir the blood and exasperate the feelings of the South on this delicate subject of Slavery, that the object of the Abolitionists can be obtained, so far as the reference of their petitions is concerned, without a vote of the House—simply by presenting them at the clerk's table. They have been repeatedly so referred. The committees have in all cases reported them back to the House, and asked to be discharged from their consideration. *This is the course approved by Mr. Winthrop.* I, in common with most of the Southern members, have opposed their reference. But the idea that the reference of one of these petitions to a committee by a Whig House of Representatives, renders our slave property less secure than the same reference which had frequently been made by a Democratic House, is too palpably absurd to deserve a moment's consideration.

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Mr. Winthrop is opposed to the further extension of Slavery. But what Southern heart does not beat in unison with the following patriotic sentiment proposed by him at a festival at Faneuil Hall on the 4th of July, 1845.

Our Country: Bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less, *still our country*—to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

Frederick Douglass at a Printers' Festival.

The Printers of Rochester had a festival on the 17th instant, in honour of the birth-day of Franklin, and we are glad to learn from the Rochester papers that Frederick Douglass was one of the guests. The incident is honourable to the members of the craft in that city, and is a proof of how rapid

the remark. The spirit of my informant appeared to be mild and candid, and I was sorry to be unable to refute or modify his testimony. Alas! it is too true. The ministers of Christ have hereby placed themselves in a false position in the sight of mankind; for having become occupied with the discussion of the question of Slavery *theologically*, and in efforts to prove that it is not necessarily a sin, intelligent laymen who have been looking at that question in the lights of philosophy and political economy, have gotten far in advance of their religious teachers, and where human freedom is the theme, humanity soars above Christianity.

Mr. Poinsett and the War.—Mr. J. R. Poinsett, for some years Minister to Mexico, and afterwards Secretary of War, has published a letter in the National Intelligencer, addressed to Mr. Butler, of South Carolina. He denounces the policy of the administration in strong terms, and declares that the course of the Government will lead to still further expenditure of blood and treasure, but will have to be, in the end, abandoned. He advocates an immediate withdrawal of the troops, and thinks that such an act would elevate the nation in the estimation of the world.

The Liberty League, at a late Convention in this State, passed a resolution, in which, after asserting that the Washington Era is conducted with ability, and is, in some respects, useful to the A. S. cause, they declare that that paper does it deep injury "among such as mistake it for an exponent of the views of the Liberty party; and among such as mistake the diluted and inoffensive doctrines of its columns for those stern, uncompromising, and glorious ones, by the power of which, a Garrison and a Weld—a Goodell and a Green—have broken the guilty slumbers of this oppressive nation, and prepared the way for the speedy deliverance of the slave."

The Practical Christian.—*The Non Resistant and Practical Christian*, is the new title of Adin Ballou's paper. The last number comes to us in a new dress, and much improved in its outward appearance. It is an excellent paper, and should receive support from those who are persuaded of the truth of the doctrines it advocates. We know of no paper exhibiting a more uniform Christian spirit.

Hon. J.W. Horabeck, a Whig member of Congress from Pennsylvania, died last week at Washington.

A Colonization Meeting was held at Washington last week, which was presided over, and addressed by Henry Clay. The argument of his speech was the old one, which has been advanced and met a thousand times, of the impossibility of the blacks ever enjoying their rights in this country. We may be wrong, but we cannot get up the slightest feeling of apprehension, that the dead body of this exploded scheme can, by any means, be galvanized into a serviceable vitality. We are glad to observe one new thing in Mr. Clay's speech, which is not without signification—he speaks in terms of respect of the Abolitionists.

Notes on New Books.

Ninth Annual Report of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum.—We are indebted to some unknown friend for a copy of this valuable Report to the Ohio Legislature. It is made with great care, and shows the Institution to be in an excellent condition under the humane, and wise management, which, in this, as well as many other Asylums of this character, has been adopted with the more philosophical views which have, of late years, obtained in relation to the Insane.

The Massachusetts Quarterly Review, No. 1. Coolidge & Wiley, No. 12, Water street, Boston.

We have not, till within a few days, had the pleasure of seeing this new Quarterly which our Massachusetts cotemporaries have already ceased to talk about. It is not too late, however, to call to it the attention of our readers in other States, where its fame is not yet established.

Elliot Cabot, R. W. Emerson, and Theodore Parker, are, we understand, its editors. The first, and youngest of the three, has as yet only a local reputation, but the names of his associates are a guaranty of his ability, as well as of the high character which a Review under their joint care must needs assume. They do not come forward, however, without the promise of able assistants, and an entreaty for "the aid of every lover of truth and right."

"A journal," says Mr. Emerson, in the Editors' Address, "that would meet the real wants of this time, must have a courage and power sufficient to solve the problems which the great groping society around us, stupid with perplexity, is dumbly exploring. Let it not show its astuteness, by dodging each difficult question, and arguing diffusely every point on which men are long ago unanimous. Can it front this matter of Socialism, to which the names of Owen and Fourier have attached, and dispose of that question? Will it cope with the allied questions of Government, Non-Resistance, and all that belongs under that category? Will it measure itself with the chapter of Slavery, in some sort the special enigma of the time, as it has provoked against it a sort of inspiration and enthusiasm singular in modern history? There are literary and philosophical reputations to settle. The name of Swedenborg has in this very time acquired new honours, and the current year has witnessed the appearance, in their first English translation, of his manuscripts. Here is an unsettled account in the book of Fame; a nebula to dim eyes, but which great telescopes may yet resolve into a magnificent system. Here is the standing problem of Natural Science, and the merits of her great interpreters to be determined, the encyclopedical Humboldt, and the intrepid generalizations collected by the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation.' Here is the balance to be adjusted between the exact French school of Cuvrie and the genial catholic theorists, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Goethe, Davy, and Agassiz. Will it venture into the thin and difficult air of that school where the secrets of structure are discussed under the topics of mesmerism and the twilights of demonology?

"What will easily seem to many, a far higher question than any other is, that which respects the embodying of the Conscience of the Period. Is the age we live in unfriendly to the highest powers; to that blending of the affections with the poetic faculty which has distinguished the Religious ages? We have a better opinion of the economy of nature, than to fear that those varying phases which humanity presents, ever leave out any of the grand springs of human action. Mankind, for the moment, seem to be in search of a religion. The Jewish *cultus* is declining. The Divine, or, as some will say, the Human, heroes, now seen, and now unseen, before us.—This period of peace, this hour when the jangles of contending churches are hushing or hushed, will seem only the more propitious to those who believe that man need not fear the want of religion, because they know his religious sentiment, as the motion of bodies rests on Geometry. In the rapid decay of what was called religion, timid and unthinking people fancy a decay of the hope of man. But the moral and religious sentiments meet us everywhere, alike in markets as in churches.—A God starts up behind cotton bales also. The conscience of man is regenerated as is the atmosphere, so that society cannot be debauched. That health, which we call virtue, is an equipoise which easily redresses itself, and resembles those rocking-stones which a child's finger can move, and a weight of many hundred tons cannot overthrow."

A Review, with such high aims, we are sure will be welcomed, if even only a manly and sincere attempt is made to meet the wants of to-day. If former and crude efforts to embody in such form that which most demands to be spoken, and is most wished to be heard, by those who have thrown the old behind them, and are pressing forward to the new, have proved abortive, the times are now ripe for a more successful trial.

The first number gives good promise of those that are to follow it. The leading article, on the Mexican War, by Theodore Parker, is the best, and most successful history of that infamous invasion of a sister Republic by the United States, that has ever been written. It is the verdict of history, for Mr. Parker proves beyond contradiction, from Congressional documents,—messages, and diplomatic correspondences,—that Texas had no claim to the Rio Grande as her Western boundary; that war was expected as the consequence of the annexation of Texas: and that there was a concerted scheme to provoke Mexico to hostilities, and throw the blame of commencing the war upon her. And he closes this able article, every line of which almost, is an argument, by showing that the extension of Slavery was the object of the war. "The Condition and Prospects of Greece," giving a clear history of that distracted Kingdom since the revolution, is said to be by the only man in this country, intimately enough acquainted with the subject to write it—Dr. Howe. "The Life and Writings of Agassiz," is an interesting biography of the great naturalist; and "Powers' Greek Slave," is a well written essay upon art in general.

The Review will be published on the 1st of December, March, June, and September, at $3 per annum.

Letter to the People of the United States, touching the Matter of Slavery. By Theodore Parker, Boston: James Munros & Co. 134, *Washington street.* 1848.

We give on the first page of this week's paper a chapter of Mr. Parker's letter. We need not commend it to our readers, as the reputation of the author as one of the boldest and clearest thinkers of the day, and one of its most vigorous writers, will always ensure him a hearing. The extract we have made, crowded as it is with most important facts, and set forth in the most striking manner, is simply a sample of the character of the whole book. We regard it, as, on the whole, the best Anti Slavery manual that has ever been written; and the most diligent student of the subject can hardly fail to find in it new information, and those who know nothing will be aroused, if anything can move them, to the enormity of the sin of Slavery, to its baneful influence upon the industry, the prosperity, and the morality of the country, and to the criminal supineness and cowardly sufferance of the Northern people.

It is a fact worth noting, that Mr. Parker is the pastor of one of the largest congregations, if not the largest in Boston. In his public ministrations he is not sparing of the sin of Slavery, or of any other which time has made popular and respectable. But his sense of duty is not satisfied with the wide influence which he exercises as a preacher of sermons. He seeks larger audiences than Sunday brings around his pulpit, and is not afraid of soiling his clerical garb—if he wears one—in the rough contact with his brother-men. The Church, nevertheless, calls him infidel, and his fellow-clergymen—most of them—refuse to admit him to their pulpits, because he refuses an intellectual assent to certain theological dogmas, and declares that true religion is a *life*, and not a *belief*, and practises as he preaches. But of all those who thus denounce him, and refuse him Christian fellowship, not one has ever given such practical proof of a humane and Christian character as the unpretending little book before us. Careless of popular applause, and fearless of popular censure, he finds time, amid a multiplicity of other duties, to complete a work, requiring great care and labour, upon a great national wrong, which those who denounce him fear to touch, or touch only to defend. All this is a striking commentary upon American Christianity.

We quote further from the Letter the eloquent closing passage:—

I have addressed you as citizens, as members of the State. I cannot forget you are men; are members of the great Brotherhood of Man, children of the one and blessed God, whose equal Love has only made to bless us all, who will not suffer Wrong to pass without its due. Think of the nation's deed, done continually and afresh. God shall hear the voice of your Brother's blood, long crying from the ground; His Justice asks you even now; America where is thy Brother? This is the answer which America must give: "Lo, he is there in the Rice-swamps of the South, in her fields teeming with Cotton and the luxuriant Cane. He was weak and I seized him; naked and I bound him; ignorant, poor and savage, and I overmastered him. I laid on his feebler shoulders my grievous yoke. I have chained him with my fetters; beat him with my whip. Other tyrants had dominion over him, but my finger was thicker than their loins. I have branded the mark of my power with red hot iron upon his human flesh. I am fed with his toil; fat, voluptuous on his sweat, and tears and blood. I stole the Father, stole also the Sons, and set them to toil; his Wife and Daughters are a pleasant spoil to me. Behold the children also of thy servant and his Handmaidens—sons swarthier than their sire. Askest Thou for the African? I found him a Barbarian. I have made him a beast. Lo, there thou hast what is thine."

That Voice shall speak again: "America, why dost thou use him thus—thine equal, born with Rights the same as thine?"

America, may answer: "Lord, I knew not the negro had a Right to freedom. I rejoiced to eat the labours of the slave; my great men, North and South, they told me Slavery was no wrong; I knew no better, but believed their word, for they are great, O Lord, and excellent."

That same Voice may answer yet again, quoting the nation's earliest and most patriotic words: "'All men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with unalienable Rights—the Right to Life, to Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." America, what further falsehood wilt thou speak?"

The Nation may reply again: "True Lord, all that is written in the nation's creed, writ by my greatest spirits in their greatest hour. But since then, why, holy men have come and told me in thy name that Slavery was good; was right; that Thou thyself didst once establish it on earth, and He who spoke thy words, spoke naught against this thing. I have believed these men, for they are holy men, O Lord, and excellent."

Then may that Judge of all the Earth take down the Gospel from the pulpit's desk, and read these few plain words: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do also even so to them."

Further might He speak and say: "While the poor Mussulman, whom thou call'st Pagan and shut'st out from Heaven—sets free all men, how much more art thou thyself condemned; yea, by the Bible which thou sendest to the outcasts of the world?"

Across the Stage of Time the nations pass in the solemn pomp of their historical procession; what kindly forms sweep by, leading the nations of the past, the present age! Let them pass—their mingled good and ill. A great People now comes forth, the newest born of nations, the latest Hope of Mankind, the Heir of sixty centuries—the Bridegroom of the virgin West. First come those Pilgrims, few and far between, who knelt on the sands of a wilderness, whose depth they knew not, nor yet its prophecy, who meekly trusting in their God, in want and war, but wanting not in Faith, laid with their prayers the deep foundations of the State and Church. Then follow more majestic men, bringing great truths for all mankind, seized from the heaven of thought or caught, ground-lightning, rushing from the earth; and on their banners have they writ these words: Equality and inborn Rights. Then comes the one with venerable face, who ruled alike the Senate and Camp, and at whose feet the attendant years spread garlands, laurel-wreaths, calling him First in War, and First in Peace, and First in his Country's Heart, as it in his. Then follow men bearing the first fruits of our toil, the wealth of sea and land, the labours of the loom, the stores of commerce and the arts. A happy People comes, some with shut Bibles in their hands, some with the nation's Laws, some uttering those mighty Truths which God has writ on Man, and men have copied into golden words. Then comes, to close this long historic pomp,—the panorama of the world—the Negro Slave, bought, branded, beat.

I remain your fellow-citizen and friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Boston, December 22, 1847.

Position and Duties of the North with regard to Slavery. By Andrew P. Peabody. Newburyport: Charles Whipple. 1848.

This little pamphlet is a reprint of an article in the Christian Examiner, of July 1843, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time of its first appearance. Its republication is opportune, for not a word in it upon the position and duties of the North, that was needed then but is even far more needed now. The Slave-Power within the past four years has made more rapid strides to absolute despotism than in all the previous half-century; indeed, all that has been previously done, was but the prelude to the present position of our national affairs.

Mr. Peabody treats his subject in a spirit of deep earnestness, and great frankness. Rising almost superior to the prejudice against the Abolitionists so much more prevalent then than now, in New England, he defends their right, and maintains the duty to discuss the subject of Slavery, and palliates what he deems the extravagance and spirit of denunciation sometimes displayed by a portion of them. We trust, were Mr. Peabody to do this work over again, that he would modify some things that he says on this point. We are sure he would do so, if he maintains the same relative position now, to those about him, that he did in '43. Public sentiment, on this subject, has advanced to where he stood then, and is disposed to do justice, in a measure, to the Pioneers in the Anti-Slavery cause. Mr. Peabody, we hope, is now ready to do full justice.

But where there is so much to praise, we are little disposed to blame. The pamphlet is an excellent exposition of the character of Slavery, and a just view of the relation and duty of the North in regard to it. If widely circulated, it can hardly fail to do the cause good service. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing some surprise, that a man of Mr. Peabody's abilities, should be content not to exercise a wider influence, and make himself more frequently heard, upon a subject in which he evidently feels so deep an interest.

The Farmers' Library, and Monthly Journal of Agriculture, for January.

The "Book of the Farm," in this number of the Library, contains a chapter upon sheep-shearing, and another upon making butter and cheese. Both subjects are treated at great length, and in so scientific and accurate a manner, as would probably astonish, and certainly instruct many of the farmers, and farmers' wives, who believe that sheep-shearing, and butter and cheese-making, are very simple things. They are illustrated with many excellent wood cuts.

The Journal contains a capital article also on Sheep Husbandry at the South, which contains many valuable hints, adapted to Northern latitudes: another upon the cultivation of Tobacco, a coloured plate of which plant, with the worm, is the frontispiece to this number. Some observations of Mr. Henry Colman, in England, upon Ayrshire cattle: several editorials, crowded, as Mr. Skinner's always are, with important facts, conveyed in the happiest style: and the usual number of miscellaneous articles, brief but valuable.

The Last of the Fairies.—A Christmas Tale. By G. P. R. James.
Now and Then. By Samuel Warren.
Jane Eyre.—An Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell.

This is the last batch of English novels published by the Harpers; they are handsomely printed, on fair white paper, and sold as cheap as penny papers; the first two are not worth noticing, not because they are worthless, but because they are but repetitions of what the authors of them had previously written. Mr. James never had in him the materials of a readable book, but by pretty industrious reading of old histories, and the aid of an amanuensis, he has contrived to manufacture a great number of books which differ from each other more in the matter of their titles than in any other particular. "Now and Then" is by the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and the "Diary of a Physician," and is a sort of cross between those very readable and popular books. It would be an imposition upon our readers to bore them with an attempted analysis of these two books, or works as they are by courtesy called. The legitimate notice of a book should consist of a dull repetition of amiable platitudes; anything beyond this is a dangerous experiment in reviewing, if you would not call down upon yourself the maledictions of the publisher. But our readers will acquit us of the charge of being influenced in our brief notices of the books that we have passed in hasty review, by the fear of any unpleasant consequences. God knows that we would no sooner utter a word about a book which was not the conviction of a careful examination, than we would speak good or ill of the personal character of an acquaintance. Such being the seriousness of our comments, though they may sometimes be spoken in a trifling manner, it will not be doubted that we mean it when we say, that the last of the books above-named, Jane Eyre, is one of the truest and best romances that we have ever read excepting those of Fielding. It is called an Autobiography, but it is too romantic to be one, yet it is too true not to be autobiographical. Whoever wrote it, and we have no doubt that it was a woman, although it contains the essence of a man's wretchedness which a woman could hardly know, has embodied her own life in the character of the heroine. There are a good many pages of little trifling experiences that render the beginning of the book wearisome and cumbersome, without in any manner adding to the interest of the story or strengthening the vraisemblance. Once these are passed the story deepens in interest, the excitement grows intense, the characterisation engrossing, and the progress of the narrative is conducted with a degree of art which has never been surpassed. The denouement of the tale is satisfactory, unexpected, and inevitable. No authors but Fielding and Shakespeare have ever framed a plot at once so simple, so absorbing, and so natural. It would be impossible to foretell the catastrophe, yet when it happens you see that it was inevitable, like the death of Romeo, or the Master of Ravenswood. Jane Eyre is a true woman, like Shakspeare's Desdemona. She is a great heroic soul in a little homely body; there is nothing remarkable about her; there are thousands like her in the world, and Heaven has benignantly conferred upon us the supreme blessing of knowing and loving one like her; but Jane Eyre is most remarkable as being the embodiment of the hero of a novel, for we have been unaccustomed to such in latter years in books; and what has surprised us most of all is, that she should be the work of a woman, for women have hitherto been most unsuccessful in depicting their own natures. There is, as we have said, the picture of a man's wretchedness in this book, which we can hardly believe to be written by a woman, unless it be that the author has not chosen to reveal what she suffered as a woman, and has invested the heart of a husband with a wife's misery. We rather believe this to be the case, because the only part of the work which sounds unreal, is that which narrates the wretchedness of the husband, who finds himself linked to a woman whose coarse and trivial nature cannot sympathize with his own. The misery of such an unfortunate is not exaggerated, because that could not be possible, but the incidents are so strange, terrible, and monstrous, that they rather impress you, like the description in Dante's Inferno, and pass in your mind for symbols of sufferings, and not as realities that have actually occurred. Jane Eyre may be as safely read by the most nervous people, as Shakspeare or Milton. There is one trait of the times in it, full of poetry and spiritual faith, which may startle some timid readers, but will by many others, be received as a verity, and bring consolation and comfort to many a doubting soul. It is an instance of the spiritual commingling of two souls yet in the bonds of the flesh, and far removed from each other, which occurs in no book of the past, and could only have been narrated in this age of spiritual tendencies, but which is most strangely called by superficial speculators, unpoetical and prosaic. To those who read novels merely for the excitement of unravelling an intricate plot, Jane Eyre will be abundantly satisfying, but those who require something besides this, will find enough to repay them for reading it, which can be said of very few modern books.—B.

Married,

On the 22d instant, by the Rev Dr. Dwight, Hon. Thomas G. Talmadge, to Mrs. Harriet Stone, daughter of the late Tunis Jarolaman, all of the city of Brooklyn.

On Monday, the 17th instant, in the first Reformed Dutch Church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Dr. Dwight, John L. Greene, son of Randall H. Greene, Esq. to Mary Louise Talmadge, daughter of the Hon. Thomas G. Talmadge, all of Brooklyn.

In Keene, (N. H.) January 20, Hon. Joel Parker, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, to Miss Mary M. daughter of Elijah Parker.

Died,

On the 22d instant, of typhus fever, contracted while in the discharge of his arduous duties as physician of the Emigrant Hospital at Ward's Island, John Snowden, M. D. aged 32 years.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry*: The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point. *Miscellany*: The Irish Boy's Lament; Ireland; Emerson's Lecture on Napoleon; Gleanings from Foreign Papers. First Page.—*Selections*: Effects of Slavery on Industry; Freedom or Slavery in Congress; The Douglass Testimonial; The Brazilian Slaves; J. W. Walker in Jail; Western Coast of Africa and the Slave-Trade; Fourth Annual Meeting of the Western New York Anti-Slavery Society.

Second Page.—State Temperance Convention; Extract from Speech of Judge Fine. *Communications*: Sons of Temperance; Why Agitate on Slavery?

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Later from Mexico, &c. &c. &c.

Petersburgh, Jan. 18th, 1848.

The ship Cydele arrived at New Orleans on the 10th, with dates from Vera Cruz to the 30th ult.

An army train was on the point of starting for the Mexican capital when she left.

Dates are also received two days later from the city of Mexico.

General Cushing's brigade, with five pieces of artillery and eighty wagons, had marched, as was supposed, for San Angel.

The Steamer J. R. Thompson arrived at New Orleans on the evening of the 11th instant, bringing dates from the Brazos to the 4th.

She brings no news of importance from Gen. Wool's head-quarters.

Orders had been issued recounting the forbearance hitherto exercised by the Americans towards the Mexicans in the prosecution of the war, which forbearance had been returned by persecution and abuse. The order goes on to say, that all who countenance guerillas in any way, or fail to give notice of their whereabouts, if known, or pay tribute to them, shall be punished with severity.

The brig P. Soule arrived at New Orleans on the 11th instant, with dates from Havana to 30th ult. The news is entirely unimportant.

From Vera Cruz.—The overland express has arrived with two days later news, bringing news from New Orleans to the 18th instant, and from Mobile to the 19th. The ship Tahmaroo had reached New Orleans from Vera Cruz, with dates from the latter city to the 8th instant, being four days later than hitherto received.

By this arrival, we learn that part of the last train which had left for the capital, was attacked by guerillas, while the Santa Fe regiment of mounted riflemen, under Lieut. Walker, were scattered off some seven miles from the main body.

Different versions of the matter are given; some estimating the guerilla force at four hundred, and others at two hundred and fifty.

The guerillas are reported to have captured three hundred pack mules, and $100,000 worth of property. Ten Americans, out of the thirty who had charge of the property, were killed or captured. Lieut. Walker immediately started in pursuit, with strong reinforcements.

General Items.

Distressing Case of Suicide.—Coroner Walters yesterday held an inquest on the body of Horace Wells, aged about 35 years, who was committed to prison on Saturday last on a charge of having the previous evening thrown a quantity of vitriol upon two females in Broadway, with a view of destroying their dresses, &c. and who yesterday morning was found dead in his cell, having committed suicide by cutting the main arteries &c. of the left thigh with a razor. An empty bottle labeled Chloroform, was also found near his side. The deceased, as it is supposed, previous to committing this rash act, saturated a new silk handkerchief with Chloroform and placed it to his mouth, where it was found tied by another new silk handkerchief round his head. Verdict, suicide, while in a state of insanity. Mr. Wells was from Hartford, where he has left a wife and child. He claimed—though improperly—to be the discoverer of Æther.

Hon. John Slingerland, M. C. from this State, was detained at his lodging by illness when the vote on Mr. Giddings's Resolution was taken on Monday last; Mr. Van Dyke, of New Jersey ditto; Mr, Reynolds of this State, was on his way to Washington, having been called home.—*Tribune.*

Horrible Confession of a Negro.—A few days since, the negro, Isaac Phillips, who was a fugitive from justice, from Louisiana, on the charge of murdering his master, Mr. Alseph Dean, of Lake Providence, was delivered up on a requisition, and taken from our jail, where he had been confined some time back, to the scene of his crime. Whilst in jail here, he made two confessions or statements, both denying any participation in the murder of his master, both of which have been published. Since he left, I have received a copy of a third confession, from the hands of the Rev. Isaac Collins, and the Rev. Wm. Evans, to whom he made it a few days before his departure, requesting that it be withheld from the public until he was on his way home. Mr. Evans states, that after having been warned that he should abide faithfully by the truth in the confession he was about, voluntarily and unsought to make, he proceeded as follows:—

Confession.—"Dr. Duvall, of West River, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, from whom I ran away, sold me to Mr. Hope H. Slatter of Baltimore, on again obtaining possession of me. Mr. Slatter took me to New Orleans and sold me to Mr. Dean, with whom I lived for two years prior to his death. He was murdered, I think, in September; he treated me very badly; would stake me down to the ground, and lash me sorely, and then pour salt water over me. Two or three times he threatened to kill me. A Mr. Hall, who has himself since been murdered, and who had a difficulty with my master, persuaded Lewis, a slave belonging to another man, and myself, to commit the crime, assuring us that he would enable us to make a successful escape. After about a week's deliberation, we came to the determination to do the deed. Mr. Hall stood outside, while we entered the shanty in which my master lived, and which was not fastened in any way. We found him asleep. I laid hold of him, whilst Lewis strangled him with the blanket with which he was covered. He made but a slight struggle, and but little noise. After we had killed him, we carried his body out and buried it in the canebrake. Having been directed by Mr. Hall, I returned to the shanty, and broke open his trunk, taking therefrom, two pieces of gold and a hundred dollar note, all of which I gave to Mr. Hall. Lewis and myself, with Mr. Hall, then took horses and started for Providence, we passing as his slaves. We left our horses at Providence, and took steamboat for Vicksburg, and went from her to Jackson, where I was arrested, taken back to Providence, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. I afterwards broke jail, and, by papers given me by a white friend in Arkansas, I got back to Baltimore, where I married. My proper name is Isaac Phillips. I have been in Baltimore about two years. Recently I went to West River, on a visit, where I was arrested and brought back to the city. My wife knew nothing of my crime before my arrest.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Whigs and the War.—The Anti-Slavery Standard, in view of the Whig votes that the War is unconstitutional and unnecessary, very pertinently enquires, if they believe so, why not end it? Certainly; that is the point. But they don't believe so. They know better.—*Plymouth Rock.*

We perceive by the London papers that Alexander Henry, Esq. has been returned as a Member of Parliament of Great Britain, for the District of South Lancashire. Mr. Henry is the nephew of our late estimable citizen, Alexander Henry, and received his mercantile education in the counting-room of his uncle, in Philadelphia.—*Phil. Amer. & Gaz. Jan.* 22.

[Mr. Henry, is the colleague of William Brown, brother of James Brown, of this city. They two represent the freeholders of a district containing nearly two millions of people, and including Liverpool, Manchester, and other large constituencies.]—*Tribune.*

Anarchy.—The leading editorial of the London Sun, of December 28, thus commences:

A frightful system of retaliation is threatened to the Irish priesthood—a system of retaliation as fiendish in audacity as it promises to be devilish in rigour, and such as must, if not prevented by legal interference, deluge the land with the blood of additional assassinations. The nature of this extraordinary scheme of revenge cannot be more fully explained than by literally transferring to our columns the anonymous document in which it is announced. The letter appears to have been posted in the capital on the 15th instant, and was addressed to the parish Priest of Mountrath, Queens county. It runs as follows:

Rev. Sir—I am directed to inclose you a copy of this resolution of a body of Protestants:

"Resolved, That since we perceive the Government, so backward in defending the lives of its present Protestant landlords, tenants, and clergymen, we do form ourselves into a body, and swear by a crucified Christ, that for the life of every Protestant landlord, tenant, or clergyman, we will take the life of the parish priest where the deed was committed; and this we swear to perform by the truth of the Gospel throughout all the counties in Ireland, we being determined to see what effect making a few parishes vacant will have."

To the Rev. Patrick Fitzpatrick, parish Mountrath. We would request you to make this known also to your curate, Rev. John M'Mahon.

We should be guilty of a heinous injustice were we to attach, even by insinuation, any portion of the odium inseparable from this appalling missive to any number of respectable men terming themselves Protestants. The factious sentiments inspired by the fanatical and incendiary doctrines of Orangeism—passionate as they might be rendered by opposition—could never by possibility generate anything so hideous, so dastardly, so diabolical, so unutterably and inexcusably monstrous as this.

Small Pox.—A gentleman residing in Yates county, N. York, in writing to his friend in this city, under date of Jan. 14, says that in the town of Dundee, in the same county, the small pox is prevailing to such an extent that business is nearly stopped, the schools closed, and the churches had not been opened for several weeks.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Band of Brothers.—Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun, recently elected Secretary of this Commonwealth, is a brother of Hon. Charles Calhoun, Secretary of the Senate of Massachusetts, and of Hon. John H Calhoun, Secretary of the Senate of New York—all Whigs. Another brother, Jas. Calhoun, was a Loco-Foco candidate for the VIIth (the only Whig) District in Illinois, where he holds a highly lucrative post as Clerk of the Courts. Another brother resides in Cincinnati, another in New York, both merchants, we believe, and still another, Rev. Simon H. Calhoun, is the eminent and devoted missionary to Syria.—*Springfield (Mass.) Gazette.*

A Hermit.—A German, about 45 years old, of powerful proportions, and well able to gain a livelihood by the labour of his hands, were it not for his laziness, was found in a small cave in a rock near Riker's Island, which was so contracted that he could enter it only by creeping in on his face, there not being room even to sit up. A little straw served him as a bed, and during the past five or six years he has lived on the charity of the neighbours, begging clothing, and depending on others for the necessaries of life. The police were compelled to tie a rope round him, and drag him out of his den, as he was unwilling to leave it. He will doubtless be sent to the penitentiary, not only to save him from freezing to death, but to give him a taste of labour, and initiate his lazy limbs into a little hard work. He gave his name, characteristic, as Gross.—*Express.*

Call Things by their Right Names.—An affair occurred in a town in Vermont, a few days ago, which in spite of the seriousness of the subject with which it was connected, must have been exceedingly ludicrous, and which illustrates the necessity of calling things by their right names. A deacon of the church, as usual, went to the store with his jug for some wine for the communion, and instead of calling for *wine*, as he should, he said he would take "a little more of that oil." The store-keeper—very innocently, probably—filled the jug with *oil*, and no mistake, and the deacon went home. The mistake was not discovered, and the oil went upon the communion table, and was partaken of in the church—no one wishing, at that particular time, to make the result of his discovery known.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

Free Negroes of Louisville.—The Mayor of Louisville gives notice, dated 14th inst. that after twenty days from that time, the act of the Legislature passed in the session of 1845–6, will be enforced against free negroes in that city. That act provides that any free negro who shall come into the State and remain thirty days, shall be liable to arrest, and upon conviction of the fact, shall give a recognizance with two sufficient sureties in the sum of $500, to leave the State within ninety days, and never return; and upon failure so to give recognizance, shall be sold into Slavery, to the highest bidder, for one year. An atrocious law.

Romance and Reality.—The *North American* says that Dr. Niles, recently appointed by President Polk as Charge d'Affaires to Sardinia, married the widow of Eugene Sue's father, and their twin daughters are the originals of "Rose and Blanch," in the Wandering Jew.

Clerical.—We understand that the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of Boston, has been invited to become the pastor of the Elizabeth street Universalist Society in New York city, at a yearly salary of $3,000. He will probably accept.—*Lowell Cour.*

Marriage in High Life.—To-day, at 12 o'clock, Sarah, daughter of Senator Benton, was married to a young gentleman of St. Louis. There were seven bridesmaids. The happy couple (with their friends) took passage in this evening's cars for Baltimore, whence they will go West. Col. Benton, is one of the kindest and best fathers that ever lived; and when he took farewell of his daughter at the depot, he pressed her in his arms, kissed her, and said, "A father's blessing go with you, my child." He also bade an affectionate adieu to his new-made son-in-law.—*Herald Washington Corr.*

The venerable Miss Edgeworth has a new work in press. It is entitled "Orlandino."

De Boigne, the sprightly French writer, whose late sketches of this country have excited so much attention, says of Gen. Taylor and his politics: "Is Taylor a Whig? is he a Democrat? No one knows—he don't know himself!"

Acknowledgments.

For the Standard—from January 15th, to 22d, 1848

424	Thomas Brown, Boston, Mass	2 00	
367	Edmund Jackson, "	1 00	
358	Samuel Downer, "	1 00	
438	Lima H. Ober, Milford, N H	1 50	
447	A. G. Hussey, Nantucket, Mass	1 00	
451	A. C. Riley, Blairstown, N J	1 00	
440	Richard Marriott, Stanfordville, N Y	4 00	
			7 50
	Donations.		
	Dr. Austin Flint, Leicester, Mass	3 00	
			3 00
	Total,		$10 50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

☞ Notice.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted;* but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

NOTICES.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

Edinburgh Quarterly Magazine

Of Moral and Intellectual Science. Vol. 1, *for* 1848—*American edition. Geo. Combe and Robt. Cox, Editors.*

The many and earnest desires expressed by the lovers of Phrenology on this side the Atlantic, and the hope of still further advancing this great cause, has induced us to publish an American edition of this profound and

SCIENTIFIC QUARTERLY.

Its character and merits need but little comment, further than it emanates from some of the ablest minds in England and Scotland, and has been before the public more than twenty years.

GEORGE COMBE.

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It also advocates showing its adaptation to medical science, to the relief of human suffering, and to its other various and important applications.

It also urges, with great ability and pre-eminent success,

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Showing the bearings of this science of mind to legislation, moral and political government, as well as to individual self control and intellectual cultivation.

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White, Potter & Wright,
Agents for Boston.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston on Wednesday and Thursday, January 26th and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Its members and friends, and all who feel an interest in the paramount question of American Slavery, are strongly urged to give their attendance. If, in the eventful history of this country, there ever was a time for those who profess to be the friends of Freedom, to rally promptly and openly under her banner, and to grudge nothing of time or money in the vindication of her sacred cause, that time is assuredly the present. The great question of DISUNION—of a withdrawal of the Free from the Slave States—will be prominent in the discussions of the meeting. The motto of every Christian and Patriot should be—"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

FRANCIS JACKSON, Pres't.
Edmund Quincy, Sec'y.

HUDSON'S APPOINTMENTS.

West Vienna, Onedia County, Wednesday, January 19th.
North Bend, " Friday 21st.
Clinton, " Sunday 22d.
Jerusalem Hill, Herkimer County, Tuesday 25th.
West Winfield, " Wednesday & Thursday 26, & 27th.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT WEST WINFIELD

On January 26th and 27th, 1848.

The friends of the slave are invited to make preparations for our next Fair, to be held at the time above mentioned. There is no time to be lost. The slave is still toiling, toiling, toiling,—hopeless, helpless, desolate.—Woman,—aye, a million of women are even now given up to the tender mercies of the palefaced oppressor. In the name of these outraged ones, we ask each and all of you to do something,—do what you can, do all that you can, to hasten their deliverance. Ask your neighbours to help you. Many of them will willingly give their aid if you will only invite them. Prejudice is giving way. A spirit of inquiry is abroad. Freedom is gaining ground. Now is the time for effort.

Charles Lenox Remond, E. D. Hudson, Lewis Hayden, J. C. Hathaway, and other speakers will be present.

Dolly Thomas	Miranda A. E. Greene
Sarah Guild	Phebe Backus
Hannah Bucklin	Laura Eldred
Emeline Murdock	Julia Ann Eaton
Henrietta Bisby	Laura Turner
Eveline Rider	Sophlora Thomas
Alpha Thomas	Laura Colburn
Susan Brown	Amanda Harding.

Advertisements.

FREE PRODUCE STORE,
Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

New goods, just received:
Fine shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown.
Satin stripe. Fine 6-4 plaid muslin.
Also, on hand, heavy muslins, of different widths.
Muslin de lain, and plain, neatly figured, all wool.
Linens, warranted free from cotton.
"Manchester" ginghams of superior quality, various styles.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Coloured table-cloths, imitations of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff

Poetry.

From the Liberty Bell.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE AT PILGRIM'S POINT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

I stand on the mark, beside the shore,
Of the first white pilgrim's bended knee;
Where exile changed to ancestor,
And God was thanked for liberty.
I have run through the night—my skin is as dark—
I bend my knee down on this mark—
I look on the sky and the sea.

II.

O, pilgrim-souls, I speak to you:
I see you come out proud and slow
From the land of the spirits, pale as dew,
And round me and round me ye go.
O, pilgrims, I have gasped and run
All night long from the whips of one
Who, in your names, works sin and woe!

III.

And thus I thought that I would come
And kneel here where ye knelt before,
And feel your souls around me hum
In undertone to the ocean's roar;
And lift my black face, my black hand,
Here in your names, to curse this land
Ye blessed in Freedom's, heretofore.

IV.

I am black, I am black,
And yet God made me, they say:
But if He did so—smiling, back
He must have cast his work away
Under the feet of his white creatures,
With a look of scorn, that the dusky features
Might be trodden again to clay.

V.

And yet He has made dark things
To be glad and merry as light;
There 's a little dark bird sits and sings,
There 's a dark stream ripples out of sight
And the dark frogs chant in the safe morass,
And the sweetest stars are made to pass
O'er the face of the darkest night.

VI.

But we who are dark, we are dark!
O God, we have no stars!
About our souls, in care and cark,
Our blackness shuts like prison-bars!
And crouch our souls so far behind,
That never a comfort can they find,
By reaching through their prison-bars.

VII.

Howbeit God's sunshine and His frost
They make us hot, they make us cold,
As if we were not black and lost;
And the beasts and birds in wood and wold,
Do fear us and take us for very men;—
Could, the whippoorwill or the cat of the glen
Look into my eyes and be bold?

VIII.

I am black, I am black,
And once I laughed in girlish glee;
For one of my colour stood in the track
Where the drivers' drove, and looked at me:
And tender and full was the look he gave!
A Slave looked so at another Slave,—
I look at the sky and the sea.

IX,

And from that hour our spirits grew
As free as if unsold, unbought;
We were strong enough, since we were two,
To conquer the world, we thought.
The drivers drove us day by day:
We did not mind; we went one way,
And no better a liberty sought.

X.

In the open ground, between the canes,
He said "I love you," as he passed:
When the shingle-roof rang sharp with the rains,
I heard how he vowed it fast.
While others trembled, he sate in the hut
And carved me a bowl of the cocoa-nut.
Through the roar of the hurricanes.

XI.

I sang his name instead of a song;
Over and over I sang his name:
Backward and forward I sang it along,
With my sweetest notes, it was still the same;
But I sang it low, that the slave-girls near
Might never guess, from what they could hear,
That all the song was a name.

XII.

I look on the sky and the sea!
We were two to love, and and two to pray,—
Yes, two, O God, who cried on Thee,
Though nothing didst thou say.
Coldly thou sat'st behind the sun,
And now I cry, who am but one,—
Thou wilt not speak to-day!

XIII.

We were black, we were black,
We had no claim to love and bliss—
What marvel, ours was cast to wrack?
They wrung my cold hands out of his—
They dragged him—why, I crawled to touch
His blood's-mark in the dust—not much,
Ye pilgrim-souls,—though plain as THIS!

XIV.

Wrong, followed by a greater wrong!
Grief seemed too good for such as I;
So the white man brought the shame ere long
To stifle the sob in my throat thereby.
They would not leave me for my dull
Wet eyes!—it was too merciful
To let me weep pure tears, and die.

XV.

I am black, I am black!
I wore a child upon my breast,—
An amulet that hung too slack,
And, in my unrest, could not rest!
Thus we went moaning, child and mother,
One to another, one to another,
Until all ended for the best.

XVI.

For hark! I will tell you low—low—
I am black, you see;
And the babe, that lay on my bosom so,
Was far too white—too white for me.
As white as the ladies who scorned to pray
Beside me at church but yesterday,
Though my tears had washed a place for my knee.

XVII.

And my own child—I could not bear
To look in his face, it was so white:
So I covered him up with a kerchief rare.
I covered his face in, close and tight!
And he moaned and struggled as well as might be,
For the white child wanted his liberty,—
Ha, ha! he wanted his master's right.

XVIII.

He moaned and beat with his head and feet—
His little feet that never grew!
He struck them out as it was meet
Against my heart to break it through.
I might have sung like a mother mild,
But I dared not sing to the white-faced child
The only song I knew.

XIX.

And yet I pulled the kerchief close:
He could not see the sun, I swear,
More then, alive, than now he does
From between the roots of the mangles—where?
I know where!—close!—a child and mother
Do wrong to look at one another,
When one is black and one is fair.

XX.

Even in that single glance I had
Of my child's face,—I tell you all,—
I saw a look that made me mad,—
The master's look that used to fall
On my soul like his lash,—or worse,—
Therefore, to save it from my curse,
I twisted it round in my shawl.

XXI.

And he moaned and trembled from foot to head,—
He shivered from head to foot,—
Till, after a time, he lay, instead,
Too suddenly still and mute;
And I felt, beside, a creeping cold,—
I dared to lift up just a fold,
As in lifting a leaf of the mango fruit.

XXII.

But MY fruit! ha, ha!—there had been
(I laugh to think on 't at this hour!)
Your fine white angels,—who have seen
God's secret nearest to His power,—
And gathered my fruit to make them wine,
And sucked the soul of that child of mine,
As the humming-bird sucks the soul of the flower.

XXIII.

Ha, ha! for the trick of the angels white!
They freed the white child's spirit so;
I said not a word, but day and night
I carried the body to and fro;
And it lay on my heart like a stone—as chill;
The sun may shine out as much as he will,—
I am cold, though it happened a month ago.

XXIV.

From the white man's house and the black man's hut
I carried the little body on;
The forest's arms did around us shut,
And silence through the trees did run!
They asked no questions as I went,—
They stood too high for astonishment,—
They could see God rise on his throne.

XXV.

My little body, kerchiefed fast,
I bore it on through the forest—on—
And when I felt it was tired at last,
I scooped a hole beneath the moon.
Through the forest-tops the angels far,
With a white fine finger in every star
Did point and mock at what was done.

XXVI.

Yet when it all was done aright,
Earth twixt me and my baby strewed,—
All changed to black earth,—nothing white,—
A dark child in the dark,—ensued
Some comfort, and my heart grew young;
I sate down smiling there, and sung
The song I told you of, for good.

XXVII.

And thus we two were reconciled,
The white child and black mother, thus;
For, as I sang it,—soft and wild,
The same song, more melodious,
Rose from the grave whereon I sate!
It was the dead child singing that,
To join the souls of both of us.

XXVIII.

I look on the sea and the sky!
Where the Pilgrims' ships first anchored lay,
The great sun rideth gloriously!
But the Pilgrims' ghosts have slid away
Through the first faint streaks of the morn!
My face is black, but it glares with a scorn
Which they dare not meet by day.

XXIX.

Ah, in their stead their hunter-sons!
Ah, ah! they are on me! they form in a ring!
Keep off,—I brave you all at once,—
I throw off your eyes like a noisome thing!
You have killed the black eagle at nest, I think;
Did you never stand still in your triumph, and shrink
From the stroke of her wounded wing?

XXX.

(Man, drop that stone you dared to lift!—)
I wish you, who stand there, seven abreast,
Each for his own wife's grace and gift,
A little corpse as safely at rest,
Hid in the mangles! yes, but she
May keep live babies on her knee,
And sing the song she liketh best.

XXXI.

I am not mad,—I am black!
I see you staring in my face,—
I know you staring, shrinking back,—
Ye are born of the Washington race!
And this land is the Free America,—
And this mark on my wrist,—(I prove what I say)
Ropes tied me up here to the flogging-place.

XXXII.

You think I shrieked there? not a sound!
I hung as a gourd hangs in the sun;
I only cursed them all around
As softly as I might have done
My own child after. From these sands
Up to the mountains, lift your hands
O Slaves, and end what I begun.

XXXIII.

Whips, curses! these must answer those!
For in this UNION, ye have set
Two kinds of men in adverse rows,
Each loathing each! and all forget
The seven wounds in Christ's body fair;
While He sees gaping everywhere
Our countless wounds that pay no debt.

XXXIV.

Our wounds are different—your white men
Are, after all, not gods indeed,
Nor able to make Christs again
Do good with bleeding. *We* who bleed,—
(Stand off!)—we help not in our loss,—
We are too heavy for our cross,
And fall and crush you and your seed.

XXXV.

I fall,—I swoon,—I look at the sky!
The clouds are breaking on my brain:
I am floated along, as if I should die
Of Liberty's exquisite pain!
In the name of the white child waiting for me
In the deep black death where our kisses agree,—
White men, I leave you all curse-free,
In my broken heart's disdain!

ENGLAND.

Miscellany.

From the London Christian Miscellany.

THE IRISH BOY'S LAMENT.

O, thin, don't shut the door awhile; won't some of ye listen to me, for 'tis a sorrowful story I've to tell! The shining beams of the blessed heaven on yer head, my lady! and let me spake a minite while the hunger leaves me strength. Och! little I tho't I'd ever be driven from the stranger's thrashal. For I was'nt always houseless and friendless. It was'nt long since I was happy an' continued in my father's house in the mountains beyant, but wirra true 'tis empty an' desolate now. The fire has gone out on our hearth stone, an' my hand will never be strong enough to kindle it agin. Many a night I sat by it, listening to ould stories, or hearing my mother sing; and the red light dancing up and down her face, an' her voice rising an' falling so beautiful, till in spite o' me, my eyes filled up wid tears. That was the pleasant crying; but many is the bitter one from 'em since.

The blight of the hard year fell on our crops, my lady, an' thin come starvation where full and plenty wur afore. A woesome change come over us all; everything was sold to gather the rint; even my own little goldfinch; sure 'tisn't that I grudged it. Mother didn't sing thin, and when she tried to spake joyful, to cheer my father up, there was a shake in her voice, and her lip trembled; and they both had a frightened look; no wonder, wid famine staring 'em in the face. For we'd be a whole day, an' more, maybe, widout tasting food, and couldn't get it anyhow; an' I'd go to bed sick an' fainting like; but I didn't mind myself at all at all, only my little sister, Norah. In all the country round there wasn't a prettier child, wid her cheeks of pink and snow, an' her white forehead, wid the yellow hair on it, like gold rings, only a softer dale; an' shining eyes, the colour of the sky in June.

O dear! the hunger bore heavy on the innocent child, an' rubbed out all the dimples in her face an' faded the red blush, an' her eyes sunk back in her head as if all the tears she cried put out the light in 'em. An' oh, lady! it would have gone to your heart's heart to see her hold out her long thin hand, an' hear her young small voice, that used to be laughing all day, axing for bread, an' none to the fore. Then mother 'uld soothe her to sleep an' her face working all the time. The sob would be on Norah's heart, an' she asleep. But one night after being stupid like a long while, she roused up to say, "I'm very hungry;" an' before the words wor out of her mouth, she stretched herself out on mother's lap, and died. Well, I tuk on grately at that; but mother said God had taken her from the misery, an' she wouldn't be hungry agin, for the angels in hiven wor feeding her. Thin I thought, only for mother, I'd like to go too. Father berrid her *widout a coffin*.

She was the first I iver saw die; but 'twasn't to be long a strange thing to me. My father got work at last, but the power to do it was going fast. And mother 'ud keep the last bite an' sup in the house *for him*, when he'd come in, and make him believe that she ate afore, and pretind she was giving him her lavings, an' laugh an' joke with him. Och! but her laugh had a quare sound thin, just like the crushing of her heart; it 'ud make my flesh creep; but you wor always minding everybody, barring yourself, mother dear! I heerd 'em say no one could dhrive a spade deeper nor my father once, but *hunger is sthronger nor the strong man*; when that is tugging at the inside, thin the arm is very wake. He fainted over his spade, an' was soon lying down in the fever. We wor out of the doctor's way, an' the priest was always out, an' a weight of sickness on my father, an' nothing to quinch the thirst that was perishing him, barring a can of cold wather from the strame afore the door.

Day an' night mother sat beside the whisp of straw that kept him from the floor. O! but his face was hot and red, his two eyes like lighting coals, an' a puff of his breath 'ud burn ye, an' he saying such out-o'-the-way things in his wandherings. Well, we thought he was getting cool; but sure enough, 'twas Death's own cold fingers upon him. for he got quite sensible, and said to mother, "Norah *acushla ma chree*, put yer hand under my head, 'an raise me; the sight is leaving my eyes, but let me feel ye kissing me;" and then he died off quite aisy, just as the day dawns; an' the spirit died in me too, but I couldn't help staring at mother. As soon as she had stroked the body, she sated herself forninst it, and hardly stirring for two days may-be. I thought *all her tears were used up;* for her eyes wor dry as dust. Them wor the sorrowful days.

There was food in the house thin, but we couldn't taste it; 'tis very aisy to give the body enough when the heart is full. On the third day she wrapped him in her ould cloak and called me to help her; so we carried him to the grave ourselves, without shroud or coffin, for the neighbours were too hard put to it to keep themselves alive to mind us or our dead. Sure 'twas the great God gave strength to mother that day, for nothing was too hard for her. We scraped out the earth and berrid him. Mother didn't spake all the time, only shivered, and put her face atune her hands and thin she got up quite stout and walked home so fast that I could scarcely keep up wid her. No sooner wor we in than she fainted away; an' whin she come to, "Thank God he's berrid!" says she; "Whin I'm gone, mavourneen, if ye wor to go on yer bended knees to the neighbours, make 'em put me down beside him. That won't be long," ses she, "for I hear him calling me." I thought maybe she was tired, an' enthraited her to ate, but she wouldn't. Thin she put her arms round me, an' drew me to her, and called me her fair-haired son, her fatherless boy, and said the orphan's God would purtect me. I forgot the pulse of her heart stopped whin father laid low, and whin she said "Go to sleep, darlint, for ye need it sore," I slept in her bosom for I was rale tired. Whin I woke, my forehead was agin something cold. Och! 'twas mother's neck, an' the hand I held was stiff. She was dead! A hard sorrow was rasping her heart, an' it fluttered like a bird in a light grip, and at last it got away. Thin I was alone. Thin come the grief and the heart throuble intirely. Though I could hardly crawl, I got to the next house and brought 'em to see if she was dead all out; for though 'twas plain enough, I wouldn't believe she was gone in airnest, an' thought it might be weakness, 'an she'd get the better of it. But whin all failed, thin by a dale of coaxing I got a man to put her beside my father—I think she wouldn't rest aisy anywhere else; an' whin she rises from the grave she'll see I kept her word. Och! lady, didn't I feel bitterly whin she was covered up from me, an' I lost the hand that used to stroke down my hair, an' the loving words and the sweet smile? I always stay beside the grave except whin hunger, that has no nature in it, drives me away.

Those fine bright days don't agree wid me at all. Once I used to like to see the sun dazzling, and the strames looking up so good-humouredly at him; but now everything seems swimming before my eyes, full of blinding tears, an' the sky seems laughing at me, an' the little birds in 'em seem to be making game of my grief. But sure they have no feeling that way, the craithurs! An' the only thing that gave me any comfort, was this morning, whin I saw a little flower in the grass wid the dew on it. I don't know why, but it seemed sorry for me; it looked like a blue eye full of tears. No one else spoke kindly to me since my mother died but it; for didn't it spake? Yes, it told me the great God made it, an' sent it there to comfort me: and to say He'd mind me, the last on the stem. So I thanked Him on my knees, although I don't know much about Him at all. I wish I did.

Thin whin I looked up, I thought of Norah, an' how happy she was; looking down, may-be wid her face covered over wid sunshine: an' I felt a sort of gladness; but whin I remimbered my father an' mother, the pain shot through me agin. For they say they're in *purgathory*, and must stay there a long time for dying without the *clergy*. That's what kills me intirely; to think of my poor father that nivir said an ill word to me, and my own gentle-tempered, soft-natured mother that would lift a worm sooner nor tread on it, to be in such burning pain! My head burns whin I think of it. I'd rather live anyway, for I couldn't bear to be *there* looking at mother suffering; an' I know I wouldn't go to heaven, because I'm not innocent, like Norah. If I'd only strength I'd wear my knees out, praying round the "stations" to get 'em out; but that will nivir be, for my heart strings wor tied round my mother an' they're pulling me into the grave, for death couldn't loose 'em.

I was a child afore all the woe happened to me. I don't feel like a child *now*, though it is not many months since, for, O lady, *my heart is grown ould*. I didn't break my fast since yesterday; but when I try to ax for something, the blood comes into my face, an' my tongue won't spake for me. An' whin I do tell my story, 'tis too common a one to be minded, an' they won't believe I'm telling truth; for they don't know how heavy my heart is, or the squeezing in my heart. People arn't pitiful at all now; nothing shuts up the heart like famine; it has cruel and wonderful power, for it puts mother out of my head. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm too weak to get back to the grave. I wouldn't lave it at all, only for fear of the purgathory.

Lady, your speech is gintle, and your eyes are full, like the flower in the grass. Ye say ye will shelter an' feed me. O, if ye could give me back my darling mother! An' ye say she isn't in purgathory; but, may-be, God's good Son took her to Himself. Blessings on yer fair head, my lady, 'tis kindly meant. O, if I could believe *that!* An' ye say I may go *straight* there too? It would raise my head to think so. If ye'll only teach me now, I'll live to sarve ye. I'll go to the world's end to do yer bidding. I'll die to sarve ye; yes, twice over for yer sake.

From Jerrold's Newspaper.

IRELAND.

Ireland, herself, the grand exception to the comparative well-being—for it is but comparative—of Europe, furnishes also, many a pretty exception to many a proverbialized rule; among others to the dictum, that "threatened men live long." Threatened men do *not* live long in Ireland; Captain ROCK pretty generally keeps his word. Happily—and the state of Ireland is significantly shown by the use of that word—*happily*, we have no landlord murders to report this week, but threatening notices seem to increase. Lord CLONBROCK, pronounced by the *Ballinasloe Western Star*, one of the best landlords in Ireland, has been warned to discharge his steward and an agriculturist whom he had engaged to instruct his tenants in improved modes of agriculture, in the manufacture of draining tiles, and the cultivation of flax. ROCK will none of these things. The young Marquis of DROGHEDA, residing with his bride (Lord WHARNCLIFFE'S daughter) at his seat, Moore Abbey, Monastereven, and expending his income in his own neighbourhood, has been strangely threatened. The Marquis's menacers stole and killed one of his sheep, and left the skin (by which the animal was known to have been his lordship's) at his door, with the notice stuck in it—denouncing and abusing him for marrying an English woman! The secret societies in Westphalia and other countries in the old times, never equalled this. It is true, *they* contrived threatening notices to be left even in the bed-chambers of princes and governors, but they threatened punishment for *crimes*—not for marrying blameless ladies. Mr. COLE HAMILTON, of Beltrim, a resident landlord for the last twenty years, who has lately obtained a loan from the Board of Works, which would give employment to the able-bodied on his estate for the next three years, has been assured that he is to be "shot like a dog," even though the assassin watch six months for an opportunity. We could extend this list, but have given enough to show the spread of the villainous system. Who can wonder that Dublin hotels are crowded with Irish gentlemen and their families?

Many of the Repeal papers are filled with indignant comments on the conduct of the Repeal members, their faithlessness and flexibility, the marvellous difference between the gentlemen on the hustings or in Conciliation-hall—how ironical hav that name become!—and in St. Stephen's. Quick-witted as are our Irish contemporaries, they cannot perceive that it is not the men, but the cause which is in fault. Irish members, with the exception of the few who think themselves bound to do it, feel that they may no longer keep shouting—"Give, give!" that even a threat of dying on the floor, avails not; that, in short, Repeal oratory is fitted only for a prejudiced auditory; from this feeling, we believe, springs the quiescence so much condemned by Old and Young Ireland at home.

As we have in former numbers alluded to the subject, it is but fit that we should remark on the positive denial of the Rev. Mr. M'DERMOTT, the parish priest of Strokestown, that either he or any of his brethren denounced Major MAHON from the altar. The reverend gentleman has made the denial through the Irish press, and through Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL, in Parliament; he does not remain uncontradicted. Mr. M'DERMOTT has also censured Major MAHON, as a tyrannous and griping man; this censure has been severely handled, as savage and uncalled for, by some of our contemporaries; but if it were the fact, we do not see why it should not be stated—a Latin proverb notwithstanding. Mr. M'DERMOTT seems moreover, skilled in special pleading. He says expressly:—

"I have now to assure the public, by the most solemn asseverations a clergyman can utter, that the late Major Mahon was never denounced, nor even his name mentioned, from any chapel altar in Strokestown, or within twenty miles of Strokestown, in any direction, on any *Sunday* before his death."

But then comes "an Irish Peer," who through the medium of the *Times* of Thursday, declares that Major MAHON *was* denounced. The Peer says:—

"The reverend priest is quite right as to the word 'Sunday.' The late Major Mahon was denounced from the altar on the 'Monday' previous to his assassination; that 'Monday was a Saint's day, on which the Roman Catholic population attend mass as regularly, and in as great numbers as on the Sabbath. This fact is known in Dublin Castle."

What is to be thought of the Rev. Mr. M'DERMOTT now? What but—provided the Peer's statement be correct—that a man who could hound on an assassin, could readily resort to falsehood. The falsehood too, if the Peer's word is to be taken, is a direct one, for in another portion of his letter, Mr. M'DERMOTT says:—

"I can declare that a single sentence was *never* spoken from the altar which, by misconstruction or otherwise, could tend to stimulate the peasantry to the atrocious murder which has been perpetrated."

Even the special pleading of non-Sunday denunciation avails nothing.

The London Critic makes the following report of a Lecture of R. W. Emerson on Napoleon:

"Mr. Emerson's lecture on Napoleon, the man of action was delivered on Tuesday last, at the Manchester Athenæum, to a crowded auditory. The man (said Mr. Emerson) who more than any other expresses the average character and aims of the nineteenth century is Napoleon Bonaparte—the best known and most powerful individual who has lived within the period. If Napoleon is France, is Europe, it is because the people he sways are men of the same kind—are little Napoleons. He is an incarnate democrat; the representative of the democratic, active, middle class of men, having its virtues and vices, and, above all, its spirit and aim.—That tendency is material, aiming at a material or sensual success, and employing the richest and most varied means to that end; conversant with vast mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned, and skilful by sternly subordinating all intellectual and spiritual force as means to a material success. To be the rich man is the end. Napoleon is no saint, and he is no hero, in the high sense. He becomes not merely the representative, but actually a monopolizer and usurper of other minds. He renounced all sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and head; working in brass, iron, buildings, money, and troops, and being a wise master-workman. He superadded to these natural and animal forces, insight and generalization. He does not guess, but feel and foresee his way. The art of war was the perpetual game he studied, and in which he exerted his wonderful arithmetic. The times, his own constitution, and the circumstances of his youth and education, combined to develope this democrat to the highest degree. Such a man was wanted, and was born.—He had a directness of action never before combined with so much comprehensiveness. He is ever a realist, terrific to all talkers and truth-obscurers. He never blundered into victory; his principal means were in himself. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line; but Napoleon always knew his business, and what to do next. Had his ends been public, and not egotistic, he had been the first man in the world. He is firm, sure, self-disdaining, self-postponing, sacrificing everything—money, troops, generals, even his own safety—to his aim.—His victories were only so many doors, or new weapons, and he never lost sight of his way onward. He fought sixty battles, and never had enough. His prodigious vigour was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarged the known powers of man. There have been many working kings—Alfred, Justinian, Czar Peter—but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.—He was not to be imposed upon. He had a strength by nature, and a strength by circumstances; still his grand weapon—the millions he directed—he owed to his representative character. He discerned merit, and promoted it; seventeen men in his time were raised from common soldiers to be kings, marshals, dukes, or generals. We cannot, in the universal imbecility, indecision, and indolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on this strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard, and showed how much might be accomplished by the mere force of such virtues as all men possess in less degree, by punctuality, personal attention, courage, and thoroughness. Before ambition drove him mad, he might almost be cited as a model of prudence. The lesson he teaches is that which vigour ever teaches, that there is always room for it. To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not his life an answer! Mr. Emerson next noticed Napoleon's capacity for speculation on general topics, quite removed from his ordinary themes of war and government. He was highly intellectual, and delighted in discussions on practical, literary, and abstract questions. The most grateful parts of the picture of his life are those hours of thought and wisdom. But with the virtues, he had also the vices of the democratic class he represented. He was singularly destitute of generous sentiments; he had not the merit of common truth and honesty; he was unjust to all his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of others' great actions; he was a boundless liar; in his premature old age, he coolly falsified the facts, dates, and characters of history, studying to impose upon men a theatrical *eclat*. His doctrine of immortality is simply fame; with him, the two levers for moving men were interest and fear; love was a silly infatuation, friendship but a name. He would steal and slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated; he had no generosity to an enemy, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish and perfidious; cheated at cards, was a prodigious gossip, opened letters, delighted in his infamous police, interfering in the patterns and dresses of women, and listening incognito after the hurraghs and compliments of the street. He treated women without respect, and with coarse familiarity and even insult. In short, when we penetrate to this man's centre, we find we are not dealing with a gentleman, but with an impostor and a rogue; a fellow deserving the epithet of Jupiter Scapin—a sort of scamp Jupiter. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of both the democratic and the conservative party, its youth and age, and with poetic justice, its fate in his own. The counter revolution, the counter party, still waits for its organ and representative, in a lover and a man of truly public and universal aims. This instructive history has its practical moral. Napoleon was an experiment, under the most favourable conditions, of intellect, unsupported (if you will, untrammelled) by conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power; of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller poorer, and feebler than he found it, and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again. The attempt itself was, in principle, suicidal. France served him with life, limb, and estate, so long as it could identify its might with him; but when men saw that after victory was another war—after the destruction of armies, new conscriptions—and that they who had toiled so desperately were no nearer to the reward, they deserted him. They soon found that his absorbing egotism was deadly to all other men: and the universal cry of France and Europe, in 1814, was "Enough of Bonaparte." It was not his fault; he did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle; it was the nature of things—the eternal law of man and of the world—which baulked and ruined him. And the result of a million experiments will be the same. Every experiment by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fall. The pacific Fourier will be as insufficient as the pernicious Napoleon. As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions; our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men. (Loud and continued applause.)"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

COMING FAMINE.—The economic means of the country are on the point of exhaustion. Reports from southern and western districts describe the new famine as inevitable and at hand. But no large measures of relief have been so much as proposed. The famine may murder undisturbed; it chooses its victims with discrimination.—*Nation.*

The Birmingham Anti-Slavery Society held their annual meeting last week, when Mr. Joseph Sturge read the report, which expressed the assured belief of the committee that the days of Slavery in the United States are numbered.

A WHOLE MEDICAL STAFF ANÆSTHETICISED.—At Taunton Hospital, as a patient was undergoing amputation of a limb while influenced by chloroform, the nurse let fall the bottle containing the chloroform, which quickly spread its somniferous effects over the operators, and some time elapsed before they recovered from their partial insensibility.

A Protestant nunnery exists under the control and direction of Dr. Pusey, called "the Home," and is situated in the Regent's park.

HOLBEIN.—Two of probably the finest pictures by Holbein, have been lately discovered in the attic of a public institution at Augsburg, where they were exposed to every contingency of weather and accident. They are portraits of an Augsburg patrician and his wife.

VEGETARIANISM.—On Monday last, December 27, the advocates and friends of abstinence from animal food held their Christmas festival at Farrington Hall, Snow Hill. About one hundred persons of both sexes sat down at one o'clock to partake of a substantial dinner, consisting of puddings, pies, &c. all prepared according to the receipts peculiar to their doctrine of the culinary art; after dinner, Mr. Neesom was called to the chair, when an animated discussion upon the merits of vegetarianism was entered into, and carried on with perfect good humour till five o'clock; in the course of the debate it was mentioned, that from thirty to forty young men dine daily at this Hall, where all the luxuries (except animal food, and spirituous liquors) are supplied.

MARY ANN HUNT.—This woman, who is now in Newgate, under sentence of transportation for life, for murder, gave birth on Tuesday to a male child. It will be remembered that a jury of matrons pronounced that she was not pregnant.

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PIPER.—We learn from a gentleman in Edinburgh, that among the latest victims of the fever, at present raging in that city, was John Bruce, or "John of Skye," for some years the Highland piper at Abbotsford. In his best days John was a fine athletic man, and when dressed in full costume, playing a pibroch, or marching up the dining-room at Abbotsford, to receive from the hands of his illustrious master his Celtic *quaich*, brimful of Glenlivat, he had a most imposing and picturesque appearance. Latterly, however, the poor fellow got wild and unsettled. There was no relation to claim the poor piper's remains, and his body was sent to one of the dissecting rooms. A medical student purchased for a trifle the bagpipes, which he was so proud to bear as a gift of the great Magician, and with which he had once charmed "high dames and mighty earls" in hall and greenwood.—*Ross-shire Advertiser.*

DOINGS AND PERSONS AT ROME.—After a long and stormy debate in the Vatican Parliament, yesterday, says the correspondent of the Daily News, under date, Rome, December 14, the Hall came to a most important vote, and, by a majority of 20 to 4, decided that all its deliberations, speeches, acts and individual votes, should be published and nothing kept unknown save on the occurrence of "most urgent motives." Rome is becoming full. We have but few celebrities here as yet. In literature we have only Mrs. Trollope and Lady Charlotte Bury; whereas Florence rejoices in Harry Lorrequer, Colley Grattan ("Highways and By-ways,") Robt. Browning and his gifted wife, Elizabeth Barret, the poetess. The lovers of eccentricity are glad to know that Dyce Sombre is to be among us to-morrow, and that sculptor Tadolini, who has been twenty thousand dollars out of pocket in erecting a monster mausoleum to his grandmother (?), the Begum of Sumroo, hopes he may get repaid. This mausoleum is, by Dyce Sombre's directions, adorned with over twenty marble statues of various personages, the Begum herself, smoking her hookah in grand state on the top of the cenotaph, and Dyce (aforesaid) in full uniform, standing sword in hand before her.

THE LATEST ABSURDITY.—UNLAWFULNESS OF THE USE OF CHLOROFORM.—Of all the difficulties and annoyances that men of genius have to encounter and to overcome, that engendered by religious bigotry and superstition is the most vexatious. This reflection has been suggested by the intolerant officiousness of certain ministers in Edinburgh, who have taken it into their heads to object to the use of chloroform by medical men in obstetric cases. Our readers may laugh, but the fact is certain, that the mitigation of pain during the time of childbirth is objected to by these men, on the ground that God, in consequence of the fall, ordained man to be brought forth in sorrow, &c. Dr. Simpson, the successful discoverer of the inestimable qualities of chloroform in deadening the nervous system, and rendering the body incapable of feeling during surgical operations, has been at pains to combat this clerical anathema; and well has he done it. He has quoted from the original text the accounts of the first surgical operation recorded in holy writ—we say it with all reverence—that performed by God himself. "The Lord caused a deep sleep," &c. As no one will call in question the object to be gained by the deep sleep, we are satisfied we shall have no more appeals to Scripture or clerical anathemas against the use of chloroform, in surgical cases at any rate.—*Abroath Guide.*

THE SOUP KITCHEN, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—A MELANCHOLY NARRATIVE.—We were informed of a gentleman of great talents and well known as a popular lecturer, coming regularly during the hours of distribution of the soup, with the professed object of personally witnessing the extent of misery endured by the poor. He took much pains, by questioning the applicants, to acquire useful and interesting information from them, and being well known to be an amiable, kind-hearted man, and one who had laboured to promote the welfare of the poorer classes, his own peculiar circumstances did not attract attention. It was remarked, however, that he frequently tasted the soup, and on one occasion he was observed to eat it with unusual avidity. Inquiries were instituted, with every becoming delicacy, as to its condition, and it turned out that the only meal he enjoyed for several days past, during the twenty-four hours, was the small quantity of bread and soup which he procured at this asylum for the forlorn and destitute. He was a man of highly cultivated mind, of most gentlemanly demeanour, and such was his sense of honour, that he preferred starvation to running into debt, as he always paid for his lodgings, such as they were, with rigid punctuality. A knowledge of his distressing position enabled the society to afford him some permanent relief, for which he evinced the most unbounded gratitude, but his exhausted constitution having become so shattered under the severe trials to which he had been exposed, he did not live long to enjoy the benefit of this unexpected kindness, and an early period was shortly after put to his servere sufferings.—There are many instances of governesses, widows of medical men, military and naval officers, seeking the soup kitchen tor temporary relief.—*Poor Man's Guardian.*

FIVEPENCE!—THE RIGHT DIVINE OF CHURCH-RATES.—The Winslow magistrates have committed one John Simmonds to prison for not paying 5d. for church-rates, he being a Protestant Dissenter. The *Bucks Advertiser*, a very able organ of the Dissenters, says;—"Phillip Dauncey, Esq. and a certain Lowndes, Esq. and a conclave of visiting justices, all esquires and gentlemen every one of them—who no doubt chaunted over the Litany in their pews on this holy Christmas, and afterwards carved beef and pudding—find that they must send this humble man to prison, and put the thumb-screws on him when there, seeing they are faithful subjects of Queen Victoria and of statute law. Must! Pray who compelled them thus to act? Did the Bible? Did their Creator? Let us see:—Simmonds is either a Christian or he is not. Messrs. Dauncey and Lowndes must answer this question—Is he or is he not? If they dare say "not," every man who ever spoke to Simmonds will indignatly repudiate, will scornfully despise the statement; if they say "He is a Christian," then in the name of all that is sacred and venerable in our holy religion, why send him to a felon's cell? Must! Why, what hindered them from paying twopence-halfpenny each out of their own pockets, to make up the notorious fivepence, and thus let Simonds take his Christmas dinner, like other Christians, at home? Their conscience, surely, would not have been wounded in opening their hearts with fivepenny-worth of charity."—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

A HUMAN DIVINING ROD.—Among the smaller *lions* of Paris, who are caressed only in the absence of the *premiers sujets*, will be found an individual possessing great interest—the Curé Paramelle, the humble village priest—who has been sent for by the *Academie des Sciences*, in order to enlighten that respectable *corps* of *savans* concerning the extraordinary gift which he possesses of discovering hidden springs beneath the earth. It is curious to behold the touching simplicity of his manners, and the utter unconsciousness of the importance of the gift with which it has pleased heaven to bless him. It appears that his powers are most extraordinary, that *he has never once been deceived*, but told on the instant, without hesitation, the exact spot where water may be found. He is singular among those who have hitherto professed the science, in his utter independence of the divining rod, which he has never needed. He describes the sensation he experiences when walking over a spring to be that of a keen and pricking pain in the throat and nostrils, like that occasioned by the inhaling of phosphorus or too strong a pinch of snuff.—*London Atlas.*

THE Camden Society are about to publish some newly discovered and valuable letters of Queen Elizabeth to James VI. of Scotland, written between the years 1581 and 1594. They relate to the Armada, Babington's conspiracy, the trial of James's mother, and other occurrences of that eventful period.

HENRY FIELDING.—It may not be generally known to the public, that in a humble lodging in the western suburbs of London, obscure and unknown, resides the grandson and legitimate offspring of the author of "Tom Jones." His present descendant is about fifty years of age, and, albeit, with the *prestige* of so great a name, and not without talent, is, I believe, wholly unknown to the literary world. He is happily provided with a small independence.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

AMONG the latest lists of patents is "An invention for making paper for the building of houses, bridges, ships, and all sorts of wheel carriages, either entirely of paper, or wood and iron covered with paper."

THE MORAL LESSON.—ATTEMPT AT KILLING BY THE HANGMAN IN KANDY, COLOMBO.—The man that was to be executed was taken to the gallows, and after the first attempt to hang him with a small rope four times doubled had failed, and he broke the rope and fell on the ground, a second attempt was made with another piece of the same kind of rope only trebled, although it had broken with four strands before and every European there told Messrs. Buller and Parsons that it would be sure to break, which it did, and the poor fellow came down a second time and cut his head against the bottom of the gallows, which elicited a general groan from the Europeans present. Upon this Messrs. Kershaw, Adams, and Kertsleman galloped off to the Pavalion and had an interview with the Governor, who immediately despatched Capt. Airy to stop the execution. The man is respited for the present but nothing more is known of the Governor's intention. The man walked to the jai not a bit the worse, with the exception of the cut on the head.—*Colombo Observer.*

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

CHARLES ATKINSON, Marion, Grant co. Ia
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R I
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co. N Y
THOMAS MCCLINTOCK, Waterloo,
SLOCOMB HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co N Y
L. STONE, Oberlin, Ohio,
ROBERT F. WALCUTT, Boston, Mass
JESSE HOLMES, New Lisbon, Columbiana co. Ohio
K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark co. Ohio